



The
Year Book
1917

St. Michael's College



The YEAR BOOK *of*
ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



VOLUME VIII.

Edited by the Graduating Class of 1917

FOREWORD



THE Year Book is once more ready for judgment at the hands of its critical circle of readers. A word, then, as to how to criticise it will perhaps not be out of place. The book is primarily a students' publication, and little effort has been made to include in it articles which do not bear directly on the activities and interests of those in attendance at the Catholic College of the University of Toronto.

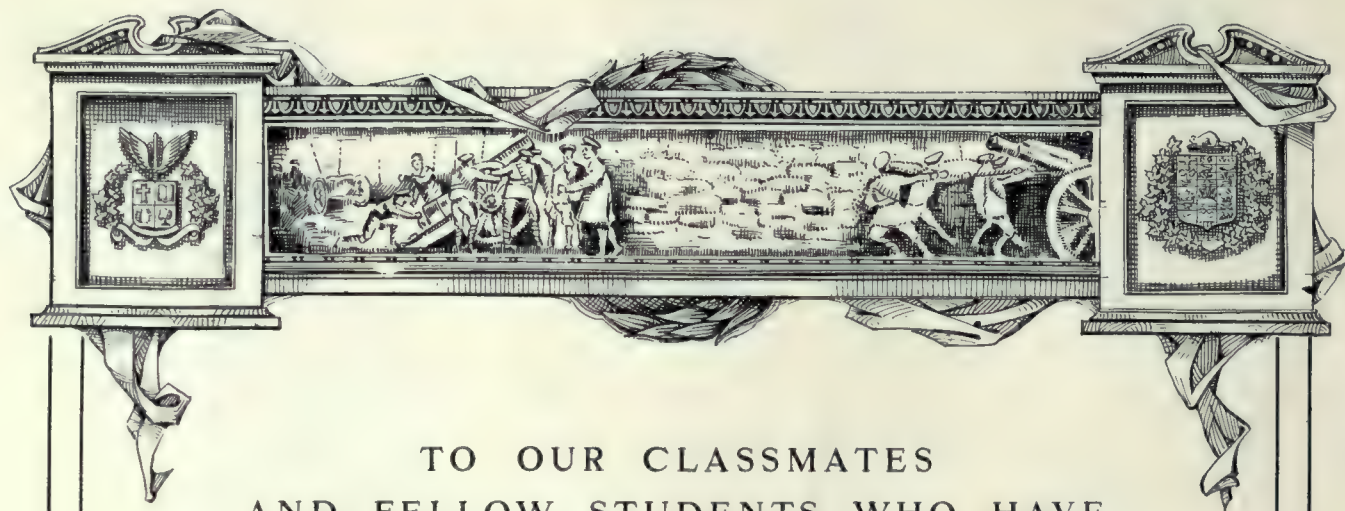
¶ Those who expect articles of extraordinary literary merit need only to reflect on the age and experience of the students who write most of the contents to adopt a very lenient point of view. Those who look for anything of the sensational have only to consider how little of that element enters into student life to moderate their expectations.

¶ Let us therefore hope that the book will be received as being what it was originally intended to be—a simple statement of the facts. And, if we have, in our attempt to eschew the elaborateness affected in other issues, escaped the less grievous fault of verging upon the opposite extreme, credit us, in your generosity, with at least a certain sense of the fitness of things.

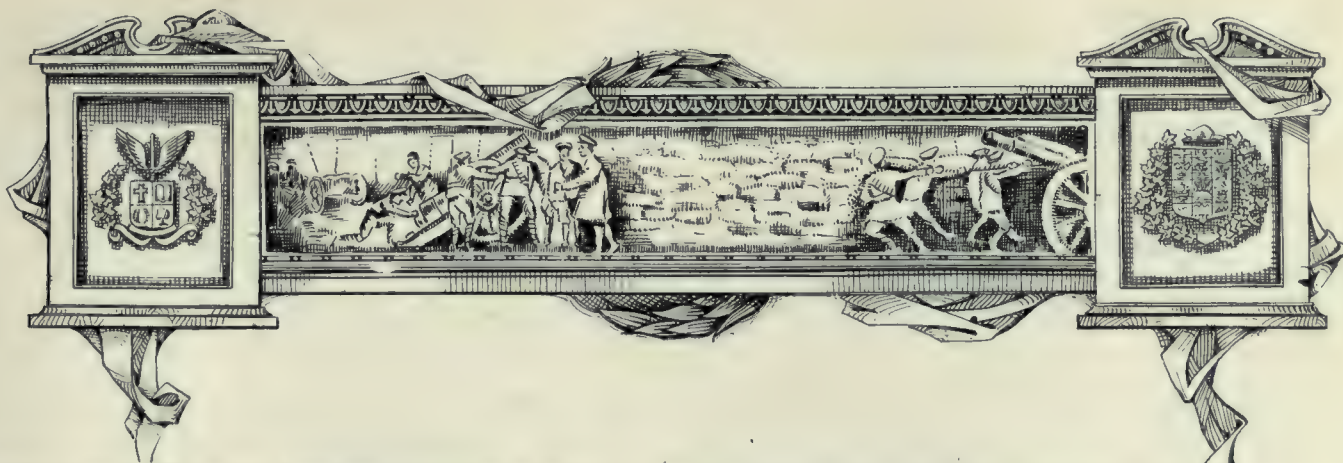


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TO OUR CLASSMATES
AND FELLOW STUDENTS WHO HAVE
OFFERED THE SUPREME SACRIFICE
ON THE ALTAR OF LIBERTY
THIS EIGHTH VOLUME OF THE
YEAR BOOK IS DEDICATED
IN LOVING MEMORY



Quorsum haec bella ferunt? caedem lacrimasque reportant:

Ver anni periit; mansit inermis hiems:

Uxores viduae fiunt: sine patre puellae:

Tuque, decus nostrum, ponis, ephebe, libros.

Septem jam juvenes nostra ploramus in aula:

Septima jam Marti nostra tropaea jacent:

Aurea fusa lucerna argentea chorda soluta est:

Desiit ante diem mens nova nosse nova.

Spes flemus cassas, ramos sine flore peremptos:

Mors Erebusque adeunt: 'Mars fit Erinny's, eheu!

Sed quid vita homini valet, ut desideret ipsam?

Quidve juvena valet, fiat ut ipsa dolor?

Quid valet annorum series et inutile pondus?

Longo saepe situ longior una dies.

Hi cecidere tua pro libertate et honore

Et patriae causa: majus an ausit alis?

Hi juvenes toto functi sunt munere vitae:

Quisque virile sua parte peregit opus:

Nec juvenis cecidit, quamvis florente juvena:

Re facta, meritis laudibus, ille senex:

Vulnera perpessus contraria, versus in hostem

Occidit: at nostra vivit in aede memor.

Imperium potuit manibus per mutua nexis

Jungere, diversas conciliare plagas:

Pacavit veteres iras: et Hibernia ad astra

Tollitur, et Canadae rumor in ora virum.

Vivere factum operae pretium est: iterumque videmur

Naturam rerum nosse, iterumque Deum.

Laedet abhinc illos neque fama nec ira nec hostis:

Inque sua justos accepit aede Pater.

Abstergas lacrimas: melius stat vivere nobis

Illis in longa pace manere suâ.

MAURICE HUTTON.



ST MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



VERY REV. H. CARR
President of St. Michael's College





MAIN BUILDING OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY

St. Michael's, the Catholic College of the University of Toronto

ON account of the extraordinary diversity of erroneous opinions concerning the relation of St. Michael's to the University of Toronto, it has been considered advisable to continue the insertion of this article until such time as some appreciable change in the ideas of those within our acquaintance will have become evident. And, because of its remarkable conciseness and clarity of exposition, we are repeating, almost verbatim, the article which appeared on this page in a previous issue of the Year Book. Let us therefore hope that, at some date within the next decade, we may be considered not as a seminary, nor as a high school, but as we are in reality, the Catholic College of the University.

The work of the University of Toronto is divided into seven parts, called faculties; for example, the Faculty of Medicine. St. Michael's College is concerned with one of these faculties, the Faculty of Arts. The work of this faculty is carried on through four colleges—Victoria, St. Michael's, Trinity and University College. All four are on equal standing, except financially. University College is non-denominational and is supported by University funds. The other three represent the interests of the Methodists, Catholics and Anglicans respectively.

Common affairs, such as examinations, are under common control; college matters, such as discipline, are regulated by each college as it wishes. The colleges do not confer degrees: there is one degree for all. This arrangement is called federation. St. Michael's became an active federated college of the University in 1907.

The terms used are difficult. A student is said to be attending the University of Toronto, registered in the Faculty of Arts, enrolled at St. Michael's College, and, if he is from out of town, in residence at St. Michael's.

Students who are enrolled in other faculties, as Medicine, Science, etc., are admitted to residence at St. Michael's.

There is no theological course at St. Michael's, but church students take the course in Philosophy in preparation for the seminary. This is one of the Arts courses leading to the degree of B.A.

Women students are also enrolled in St. Michael's College. Their instruction and care have been entrusted to Loretto Abbey and St. Joseph's Convent.

St. Michael's College School should be carefully distinguished from the college proper; in this school students are prepared for entrance into the University.

History of the Book

SEVEN years ago a new publication was added to the already overcrowded list of magazines and reviews published on this continent. It was an unique little volume with a light blue cover and chronicled the doings of the students at the Catholic College of Toronto University. The book was called St. Michael's College Year Book.

Due credit must be given to its staff for their courage in undertaking such a work. For, a class which decides to bring out a Year Book is undertaking one of those labors that are repayed only by the self approval that comes from a knowledge of work well done. A college year book can reach at best but a limited circle of readers. The students themselves, their relatives and friends, enthusiastic though they may be, cannot add very materially to the meagre subscription list, and the contents of such a book are such that those out of direct touch with college activities can take no pleasure from reading it. Nevertheless, every college must be represented by a printed publication of some sort, and so, once more, all honor to the energetic group of Grads who allowed that restless ambition of theirs, so characteristic of all St. Michael's students, to run into literary lines.

The records show that the first book was a decided success. Aside from the novelty of it, there were several articles and two or three poems on local subjects that have never been equalled. And in those days when sport in University circles was at its zenith and St. Michael's in the front rank, there were plenty of triumphs to feature and many heroes to photograph.

The success of the Books in the years following was just as great. The Nineteen Eleven Book had the advantage of

a strong backing from the students' parliament, and it has been the endeavor of those running year books since to return to this basis in financing the book. This, however, has been rendered extremely difficult on account of the ambition of succeeding business managers to rival the Nineteen Thirteen man. Tales of fabulous sums cleared on the Book that year by that shrewd gentleman and his staff still live in the Senior rooms of the Irish flat.

Each year has seen great improvements in the general make-up of the Year Book, and in Nineteen Fifteen the high water mark was reached in an elaborate volume of some hundred and forty pages containing many special features, designs, and cartoons.

Last year a new style was necessary because of the added cost of paper, printing, etc. The result was a smart little volume of magazine size which is claimed by many to be the best of all for attractiveness of appearance.

The class of Nineteen Seventeen, in issuing this volume, claim to have no delusions in the matter of getting out a Year Book. It is necessary now by mere force of precedent to have such a volume, but beyond trying to rival the books of former years it is not possible to go. For college life is a matter of routine to a large extent and one year is an exact replica of the former year. Since little variation, therefore, could be made in the matter, Class '17 has tried to make the literary form of the book the best possible. The greatest uniformity in plates and printed pages has been aimed at. When we have done our little part we make way for a new year, hoping that new ideas may be as plentiful among them as we had hoped they would have been with us.



GRADUATES

BARKER, JOHN J.

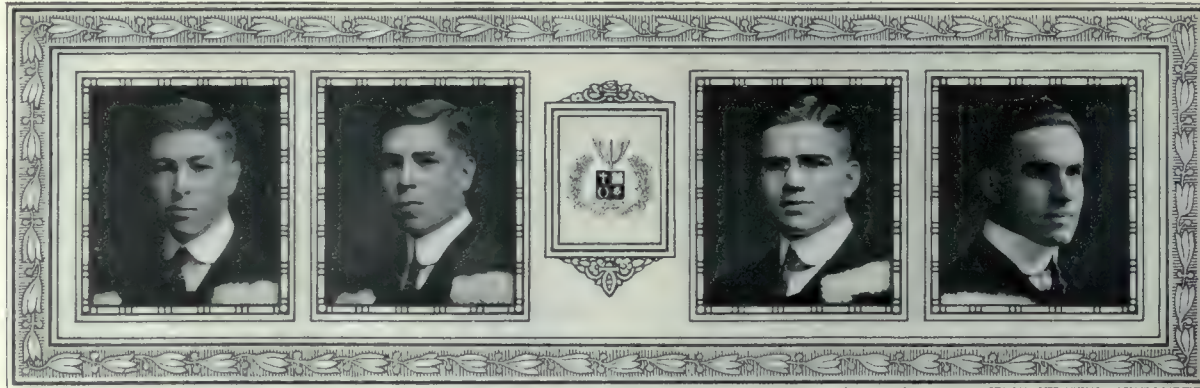
“Making a quiet image of disquiet
In the smooth, scarcely moving river pool.”

“Jack,” a seven-year landmark. Resides in Winnipeg. Sound sleeper, poor eater. Typifies the restless energy of '17. Discharged soldier. Editor-in-Chief of “Year Book.” Noted writer and politician. U. of T. rugby executive, '16. Class president, '15. Leader of famous “Irish Seconds.” Promising future in journalism.

BROWN, ALBERT A.

“A knowledge both of books and human kind.”

“Ab.” is a product of the “Mountain City.” Matriculated at St. Michael's, where he continued in Arts, '17. Has an enviable record on the gridiron, being regarded as the greatest wing man the college ever developed. Loves history and politics. Has some startling ideas on the science of modern warfare. Future, law.



BONDY, LOUIS J.

“Titles of honor add not to his worth.”

Louis Joseph is an Ojibway, Ont. boy, transplanted to Assumption and later to St. Michael's. His Arts course has revealed to the members of his year a gentleman, entertainer, and all-round good fellow. Aside from his scholastic achievements, he has made a name for himself in athletics. Will some day be a “Prof.”

COLLINS, JOHN B.

“A combination of everything favorable.”

Matriculated from Lindsay Collegiate and joined class '17. Secretary of the Students' Parliament, '15. Secretary of the Sodality of the B. V. M., '16. One of the best line-plungers on the first rugby team. A wearer of the “M.” Displays a weakness for animal psychology. With John, “Where there's a will there's a way.”

DOWDALL, M. EILEEN.

"We meet her like a pleasant smile,
When such is needed."

From Almonte, Ont. Eileen came to St. Joseph's, where she matriculated with graduation honors, '13. President of the Sodality of the B. V. M. Editor of the "Lilies." St. Michael's representative in the Women Students' Council. President of the Tennis Club. Her serene disposition and sympathetic nature have endeared her to the hearts of her companions.

FLANAGAN, ESTHER.

"She is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true."

Although born in Fort William, Ettie has spent all of her student days at Loretto. Jack of all trades, but mistress of every one, "Stacia" can write, paint, dance or sew with equal ease. Enthusiasm has been the keynote of her policy. She has made a lasting impression on the hearts of all who have come within her sphere.



DOWNEY, MARY G.

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye."

Mary claims Pennsylvania as her birthplace and is a graduate of Corry High School. Has been especially successful in the dramatic art since coming to L. A. C. President of the Sodality of the B. V. M. Devotes her attention more to the art of making others happy than to mere books. There will doubtless be other Marys, but none like the Mary of '17.

FORESTELL, TOBIAS F.

"'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

Born in Campbellford. While amongst us he proved his ability as an athlete. Figured on the victorious rugby team, '14, and was instrumental in winning the Brotherton Cup, '15. Devoted a liberal portion of his time to social development. Actuated by the call of duty, he enlisted in the 56th O. S. Battery, April, '16.

GENDRON, MURIEL M.

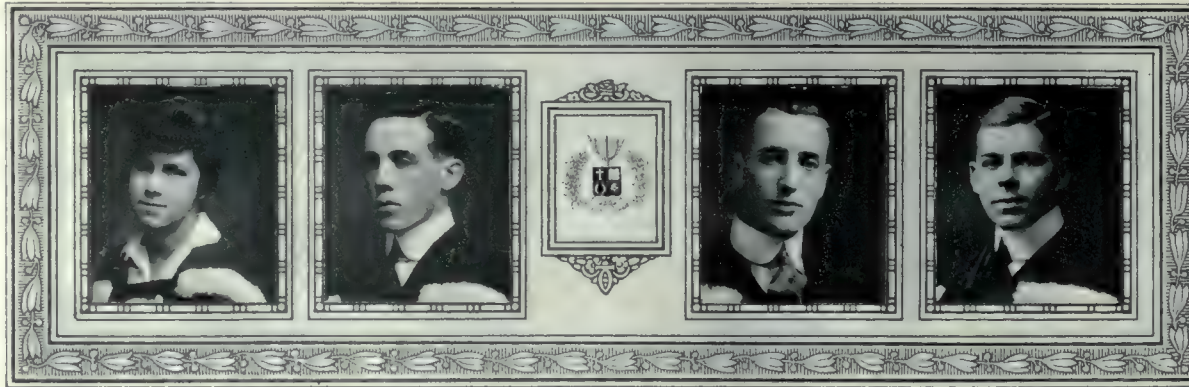
“Her eyes are soft and brown; take care.”

After acquiring her matriculation and Normal entrance in Penetanguishene, Muriel turned her steps towards S. J. C. By no means a book-worm, sport has played its part in her happy college life. Vice-President of the Lit. Assistant Editor of the “Lilies.” May her contagious laugh have occasion to ring out repeatedly through the years to come.

McBRIDE, J. LEO.

“A young man of fashion, figure and worth.”

Leo tells us ever and anon that Hamilton was the scene of his primary education. Joined class '17 as a soph. Minister of Finance in Students' Parliament, '15. Prefect of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality, '16. Pater familias to all young Hamiltonites. “Mac” and his smile are popular among his companions. Chief dissipations: Latin, handball and dancing.



MARKLE, LOUIS A.

“He’s little, but he’s wise;
He’s a wonder for his size.”

Eventful day, Aug. 9th, 1895. Matriculated, De La Salle. Two years of frenzied finance. Honor philosophy at St. Michael's, '17. “M” for harriers and handball. Winner of oratorical contest this year. St. Michael's debater, '17. Noted baseball manager. If past success is a criterion, we predict for Louis a brilliant career.

McDONAGH, JOSEPH A.

“A man of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows.”

Annus Mirabilis, 1894. High school and Arts at St. Michael's. A veteran debater, having upheld the honor of the college on numerous occasions. Wearer of the “M” for having played on four championship handball teams. Goal keeper on '12 junior O. H. A. team. Joe's genial disposition has endeared him to all, and our best wishes accompany him.

McMANAMY, JOHN W.

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

Thorold produced him, but lost him to St. Michael's in '13. He entered honor philosophy and has since excelled in music and writing. Professes a weakness for psychological research. Countenances the gentle art only as an aid to self-perfection. A successful future in journalism is predicted for him by all his friends.

MURPHY, JAMES P.

"I speak of one from many singled out."

"Murph" was born at Fort William, where he received his early education. Enrolled at St. Mike's in '13. Strong in hockey, rugby, handball and checkers. Permanent high-priest for the Delphian oracle. St. Michael's representative on the Torontonensis board. Slogan, "Go west, young man, go west." Hobby, the daily papers. Future, business.



MULLINS, HELEN M.

"She has wit and fun and fire.
She has the truest, kindest heart."

London, Ont., has the proud distinction of being Helen's native city. Graduated from St. Joseph's Convent, '12. One year at University College before joining L. A. C. '17 as a soph. Her genuine enthusiasm has always been an inspiration to others and her wonderful executive ability has made her a leader in all college undertakings.

OVEREND, W. J. (BRO. PHILIP).

"One who, to all the heights of learning bred,
Read books and men and practised what he read."
One of Toronto's native sons. Early education at St. Mary's and De La Salle. Soon after joined the Christian Brothers, completing his Novitiate at Montreal. From Toronto Normal he passed to class '17, S. M. C. His kindly spirit and past achievements are indications of the great influence he is bound to exert in his holy calling.

QUIGLEY, EMILY M.

“How far that little candle throws its beams.”

After matriculating in Penetanguishene, '13, Emily cast in her lot with 1T7 at S. J. C. Though by no means averse to study, she mingles it with pleasure always, and her vivacious nature shows itself in every sport. Her genial spirit has made her popular with her classmates, who unite in wishing her success and happiness in the days that are to be.

SMITH, MARION E.

“A winsome lass, she's gay and sweet,
Her heart is true, she's trim and neat.”

A native of Toronto, Marion spent her early years at Loretto, Bond Street, and the Model School before coming to L. A. C. in '09. Has distinguished herself in all studies from music to mathematics. Academic graduation, '14. She has won a fair title to fame in the world of generous fun and frolic as well as in that of work.



QUINLAN, FLORENCE M.

“How pure at heart and sound in head.”

Completed her elementary education at Barrie and joined '17 in M. and P. Has avoided bounding her interests in the narrowing limits of her course. Musical talents well cultivated. Takes a deep interest in all social functions. Healthy, hearty, sympathetic and wise, she is indeed a worthy graduate of her Alma Mater.

SMITH, WILFRID P.

“Deep thirst for knowledge
Hath his footsteps led.”

Barrie was the scene of “Smiddy’s” early activities, both academic and commercial, but St. Michael’s claims the finished product. Matric here '13. Since entering honor philosophy, St. Thomas has been his boon companion. Has travelled much in the interests of sociology. On the staff, '16. His accomplishments are manifold.

SMYTH, CLAIRE.

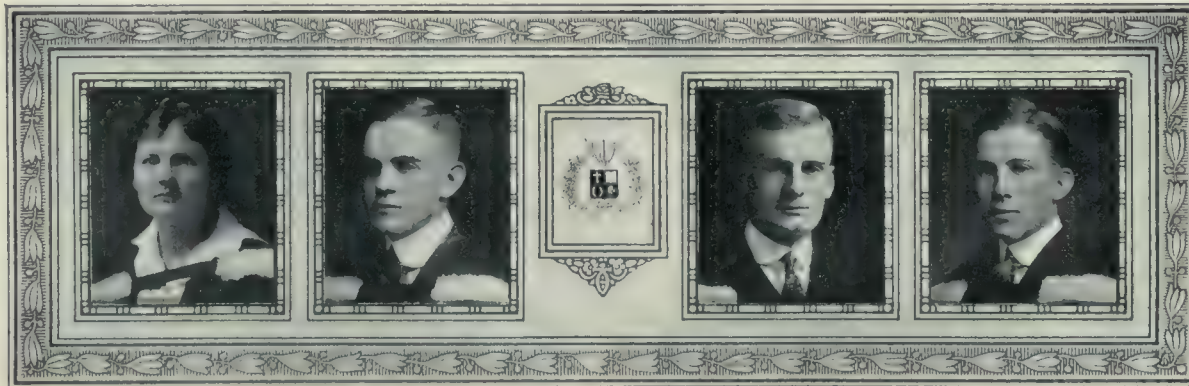
“For truer friend ’twere far to seek.”

Since her advent to L. A. C., Claire has earned the title of “Prof.,” owing to her superior knowledge of things scholastic. Has a “pretty wit,” a humorous outlook on life and a telling mode of expression. Her presence amongst us has made the way less lachrymose for all with whom she has come in contact.

TRAYNOR, THOMAS B.

“Six foot of man,
Clear grit and human nature.”

“Tom” imbibed his early education in Owen Sound. Journeyed westward, where he ranged the prairies for several years. Joined class '17 as a soph. Member of the high school staff, science department. Logician and metaphysician. His genial disposition has made him a general favorite. His future is strewn with success.



TRAYNOR, A. VICTOR.

“An abridgement of all that is pleasant in man.”

Came to S. M. C. from Owen Sound Collegiate in '13. Liked the place and stayed. Good entertainer, college punting half. Though of a serious disposition, can be induced to smile. Dislikes argument, “paeis causa.” St. Michael’s representative on Students’ Council. He is the cause of Traynor major’s worried frown.

WOODS, LOUIS P.

“I shall not look upon his like again.”

Toronto received this welcome addition Aug. 25th, '95. Matriculated at De La Salle, Finally descended on class '17. Is a baseball enthusiast and pitches on the noted college nine. Handball and Latin are his forte. A wearer of the “M.” His frank disposition and many talents warrant the prediction of a very bright future.

HISTORY OF CLASS '17

OF the past we claim no more than that we have created a modest ripple in the smoothly running stream of student activities. Of the future we expect no more than to create a modest ripple in whatever community we may find ourselves.

We have not always been as self-effacing as this. As freshmen we despised and feared the world as our hereditary enemy; as sophomores we looked upon our surroundings with a more friendly, though tentative eye; as juniors the world was our oyster, to be opened and despoiled of its goods at our pleasure. But, with our final year comes the anti-climax. Stripped of all illusions, we see ourselves in the eyes of the world, not a species of conquering hero, but merely men, quite young and comparatively inexperienced.

However, the realization of this enormous fact does not produce in us the despondency which might be expected. We are inclined to add more than a little salt to the statements of modern fiction writers when they declaim on the utter unfitness of university graduates for professions other than that of "Rah-rah-ing," or wrecking the municipal railway. We have selected with especial care the particular niche in the Hall of Fame that we mean to fill and no mere dread of the beginning can dampen our ardor in working for the end.

To put our position concisely; we, who are seniors here, must soon become freshmen in the world. But experience

has taught us that time and the application of whatever principles we have drawn from our college career shall bring us to a seniority from which we will never revert.

Lest this "History" be mistaken for a valedictory, let me hasten to add a few particulars as to the numerical strength, peculiarities, etc., of our class. In the fall of '13 we began our pilgrimage to the Mecca of the fresh, presenting a much more formidable front, both by force of numbers and ability. But the call of duty, the lure of the business world and the ever-present "'Pencil' of Damocles" have taken such serious toll of us that, after running the entire gamut of university life, you see us in our present depleted condition. To the first of these factors in our depopulation we do not begrudge our losses, the best of us; but to the latter two, and more especially the last, we do begrudge them. A most vitriolic hymn of hate will be found on another page of this publication.

Of peculiarities we are quite innocent, unless you wish to call an indefatigable propensity for lengthy arguments by that name. But otherwise we are merely an average class. We have studied, played games, and "plugged" for the final exams, in the old, time-honoured way, until we have at last reached the final chapter in our history as a class. From now on, if you wish to look us up, go to the book stalls and purchase the latest edition of Bradstreet.

FINIS.

To the Undergraduates of St. Michael's College:

I AM glad to observe the healthy and rapid development of St. Michael's College. Since the College has been given the full status which Victoria and Trinity hold in Arts there has been a marked determination on the part of the authorities that the College shall take its place alongside the others. Its future is bright and I do not doubt that in coming days St. Michael's will make its own distinctive contribution to the life of this University. At present prophetic statements are of small value. We are all so intent upon the winning of this war that we cannot spend our energies in looking far ahead. This, however, we do know, that the service and sacrifice of our people are the foundations upon which a greater future is to be erected. Standards are being created. We know what our youth can do; we understand their quality.

Another fact that is being impressed upon us is the necessity of establishing the moral foundations of public policy. If the Governments of Central Europe had been guided by such principles, the present disaster would not have fallen upon us. One may think of our soldiers and those of our allies as being engaged in rebuilding the protecting walls of civilization. A horde has burst in upon an enclosure which most of civilized humanity had thought to be sacred, and our men are driving them out and putting up the wall again at the cost of their lives. Until the wall is rebuilt and security won we cannot afford to cease our efforts. Therefore, men, intelligent and highly trained, men whom we thought to be necessary for other services for their country and their fellows, are giving themselves freely. This we know is now the greatest service to which they can devote all that they have. If we all continue to sacrifice now, those who come after us may be trusted to do their part. Life is not to be valued by the number of its years, but by the quality of its service. Many a young fellow, who has died before he was twenty-five on the field of battle for this sacred cause, has served his fellowmen far more nobly and intensely than others who have lived to old age.

I believe that St. Michael's stands for sacrifice. You have the emblem of sacrifice upon your buildings, and those who teach you aim to have it also engraven on your character.

R. A. Salemer.



CLASS '18

HISTORY OF CLASS '18

“And tho’

We are not now that strength, which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are,—
One equal temper of heroic hearts.”

ON reviewing the history of the class of Onety-eight, we are enabled to realize to the full the sensations experienced by Napoleon during his retreat from Russia—knowledge of fast decreasing numbers, but full confidence in ultimate victory. However, even fewness of numbers has its compensations. That class spirit which forms so close a bond between fellow-students, a temper hard to find in larger classes, becomes predominant. And so it has been with us.

Like the associates of Dr. Johnson, our characters are so different, our accomplishments so varied, and at the same time so eminent, that one might stretch a point and call us a “Motley crew.”

Intellectually, we are modest enough not to claim abnormality, but merely, to say the very least, prominence. If you could have the good fortune to be present at one of our philosophy lectures, you would indeed be astounded to hear Myles Flannery setting forth his theories as to “Man and his integral parts.”

In the course of one of these lectures, Gus O’Shea, worn out by his fussing activities, was heard to murmur softly, “Oh! sleep, it is a gentle thing.” Meanwhile, “Pete” Kelly, similarly affected, had gone him one better, and was actually putting into practice his room-mate’s philosophy.

The Cornwall Twins, McDougall and McIntosh, exhibit their Scotch tendencies only in the sparsity of lectures attended, but work off their superfluous energies on the football field or at the Arena. O’Shaughnessy’s purpose in taking Italian is known only to Father Powell and the fair co-eds. John O’Loane, of handball and military fame, is unhappily a day-scholar and thus quite irregular at class.

Leonard Rush is a combination of musical and social wizardry, and Bas Sullivan keeps a fatherly eye on the more irresponsible members of the class. Owing to lack of space and his excess of talent, we are unable to speak of N. R. Anderson at full length in this issue, but in the next edition —. Bert Morrissey, whose knowledge of Greek Philosophy is appalling, when last heard of, was floundering helplessly in the pathless wastes of the Classics.

Are testimonials required? We trust that one glance at the picture opposite will serve best in that direction.

Finally, our three years of close association, in the lecture room and on the campus, have formed for us strong friendships, and brought to us the knowledge that old friends will ever be the best. For the past we have fond remembrances of deeds accomplished; for the future, fair hopes and expectations of deeds to be accomplished.

B. M. & N. A., '18.

The Study of Philosophy

PHILOSOPHY cannot be learned. Philosophy is not a definite framework of propositions which can be learned like a book of geometry. Any man's system of philosophy may be studied in the same way as a set of propositions in geometry. That is not philosophy. Each must do his own creating in philosophy. This does not mean that each man's system will be different from those of all others. All men might agree in philosophy and yet each man's result must be the product of his own thought. He may receive hints and suggestions from others to guide his thought. No system at all may result and yet the man may be a true philosopher. The great danger is that we are inclined merely to try to grasp the meaning of another's thought and to test its consistency and truth. This is not philosophy.

We must philosophise. We could be true philosophers and never know that anyone had ever thought or written on the subject. Painting, music, poetry, etc., could never be learned by studying the works or writings of others. We must practise, produce our own works. We must philosophise. Information and explanation in philosophy are usually serious obstacles to philosophising. A philosopher must philosophise. What is philosophising? A good artisan, carpenter, engineer, doctor, is distinguished from the ordinary kind in that he studies the case confronting him. True, he will avail himself of the results of previous studies of other men, but there will always be unsolved problems cropping up. These he will study and try to solve. He will philosophise. As there are different problems for each class of workmen, so there is a separate set of problems in the class designated by philosophy. Men of every profession, studying and thinking on the solution of problems, are really philosophising, but the name is usually only applied to those who ponder on a special class of problems far transcending in interest all other sciences except the science of the love of God.

Philosophy, in the usual signification of the term, is not the mother of sciences, but a sister science. Neither is it an abstract science, but as concrete as any other science. The objects with which metaphysics (and this is philosophy proper) deals are concrete existing things. The ink in the bottle before me is black, fluid, emits a certain odor, occupies a definite space, is of a cubic shape; the space occupied by it cannot at the same time be occupied by anything else. Is this all that is there? Initiated and uninitiated agree that color, taste, shape, size, etc., do not exist alone, but that there is a *thing* possessing color, etc. There is something there apart from the qualities mentioned. It is surely then concrete. This something in the ink and its relation to the qualities mentioned and to other somethings in every object that we meet and to us, philosophy considers.

What knowledge can we get of these somethings, hidden as it were, in the objects all around us? How can a ship, miles away and eight hundred feet long, enter my mind? On what grounds do we base our absolute certainty that every

change presupposes a cause? Is it inconceivable that this world has no more reality than our dreams? Is man's reason different in kind from the apparent intelligence of brutes? How far by reason alone can we prove the immortality of the soul, the existence of God? These are a few of the questions that have fascinated the greatest minds in history and held them captive all their days.

The best way to begin philosophy is to leave all books unopened and history untouched. Take the ordinary objects in the room, or, better still, wander idly through the woods, fields, beside running water, among flowers and grass and birds and all living things. If, as all scientists say, the color that I seem to see is not in them as it seems; if the noises that I seem to hear are not outside of me and would not sound unless an ear were there, what do they mean for me? What are they, when no one is near to see or hear? Surely this will interest—and interest, curiosity and wonder are the marks of a philosopher. Then we shall come back to the books eager to know what men have thought out on these puzzles.

In my opinion formal logic should not be studied for the first few years in philosophy. It is not an aid to correct thinking and tends to make the beginner think he understands terms when he does not. This is the greatest calamity that can happen. The average man has sufficient natural logic to follow intelligently a lecture in literature, history or politics. This is sufficient for philosophy. Formal logic will be developed as the lover of this science advances and will be easy for then he understands his terms. Plato, although he laid the foundation of the science of logic, insisted time and again that as long as each party to a discussion knew the other's meaning, this was sufficient. The terms of philosophy belong to no language. Language is but the medium of expression of thoughts, and philosophic thoughts might be evoked by a man of any race. Philosophy could be expressed in any language.

If you have not dreamed pleasant hours away on the objects and problems of philosophic thought, if you have not loved to discuss them with kindred spirits, to withdraw from all else and live in this other world alone with them for long stretches of time, you are not a philosopher and never have been one and you do not know philosophy, for you can no more understand another philosopher without being one yourself than a man blind from birth can understand color. If, when a philosophical problem comes up, you say you knew it once but have forgotten it, you were never a philosopher. It is conceivable that other interests may turn one's thoughts away from philosophy even for years. It is inconceivable that, once a philosopher, one should not feel awakened the old love in all fulness whenever its path brings him in contact with the old problems again. If philosophy is studied for a couple of years and then dropped, that course is a failure and those who lose all interest in it were never philosophers.

Who should study philosophy? Very little education is needed. A young man is usually a poor subject. It is better to be matured. Some will soon reach their limit. Very, very few will penetrate into the inner sanctuary. It seems to me

that almost anyone could receive a touch of philosophic interest, curiosity and wonder. The average man on the street could be interested to some extent.

Philosophy has a wonderful attraction for men if the problems are put before them and the terms withheld until they are able to *grasp* their meaning.

What good is philosophy? This is the first question put by the ambitious youngster, who, with brazen effrontery, boldly tramps into the grove where Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Democritus, St. Augustine, St. Thomas, stepped softly with reverence and awe. Philosophy is used as a preparation for theology, but this is accidental and not its primary end. (Indeed, in so far as philosophy is used for the practical end of studying theology, unless great care is taken, there is grave danger of the true philosophic spirit never blossoming or withering in the bud.) As Newman says, philosophy stands by itself and is its own end. Anyone entering philosophy must reconcile himself to the fact that his capacity for making money is not thereby increased, in fact, his interest is more apt to make him less fitted for success in the world. The pure pleasure of our own thoughts and sweet converse with friends is the only reward held out to catechumens. This is much more than can be dreamed of. When the musical genius describes to a man with no ear for music the pleasure he derives from some perfect rendition of a favorite opera, then the philosopher may describe the pleasure he derives from philosophy.

This for the individual. Philosophy has invariably been accompanied wherever it has been found by civilization, and civilization has never extended to a people without philosophy. Every civilized country in the world to-day traces its civilization back to Greece, the cradle of philosophic thought.

H. CARR, C.S.B.





CLASS '19

HISTORY OF CLASS '19

SOPHOMORES we are, and proud of it. For who could withstand the admiring glances of freshmen and the respectful manners of juniors and seniors without feeling his chest swell with pride and appreciation of his high standing? And so, casting off the barbarous, uncultured customs of our freshman year, we have become full-grown men, possessing the many liberties of the same, accompanied by the knowledge of how to use them.

Liberties, did I say? Yes, and more than that, accomplishments. For what other class can boast of such brilliant players as are our representatives in rugby, handball and hockey. Glance at our picture on the opposite page and take note of the complacent smile playing about the features of our acknowledged athletic stars. There you will see "Six" Flanagan, the one - hundred - and - seventy - pound "Kid"; "Duke" Malloy, from the wild and barren north-land; Dillon, the Texan; and O'Brien, from the mountain city, not to mention the nimble "Doc" Dermody, a partner of "Six" in things not even remotely connected with rugby.

Not alone on the rugby field is our name a byword. In handball, hockey and on the cinder path we have displayed similar ability. Dwyer, Dillon and Harry Beck have upheld our reputation on the alleys; Nunan, Kelly and Flanagan represent us in the winter pastime, and McKenna,

our track star, was largely responsible for the capture of the Brotherton Cup in the harriers.

Nor are our activities limited to the realm of sports. One of our members, finding the University curriculum incomplete, founded a course of his own, calling it the "Brown Trophy Course," and, with such a genius as leader, many deserted our ranks and devoted themselves to this branch of study. Tommy O'Brien has also given us the cold shoulder and is this year demonstrating to the remainder of the class the value of Modern Languages. Others, delving into scientific research, as a remedy for "Philosophitis," have evinced a remarkable ability in the study of bacteriology.

Among this year's addition to our class is Jack Spratt, of international hockey fame. Jack starred on the St. Michael's team when they captured the Amateur Championship of Canada and created a sensation in New York and Boston on the American tour. His advent has brought added glory to our already famous class.

But, in spite of all our virtues and achievements, it is not of these that we boast. The thing which makes us prouder than all is the simple fact that we are sophomores. May the sophs of future years follow in our foot-steps and ever strive to keep the verdant freshie in his proper place.

A. O'B., '19.

The Place of the College Journal

WILL CARLETON speaks of a man who thought his son would make a good editor, because, to his sorrow, he was forced to the conclusion that the boy was fit for nothing else. Jim was built of "second growth timber, his judgment was small and his appetite enormous." Yet, according to the father's story, he was qualified for a place at the press convention. There are many who might agree with him.

Journalism, with every qualification for good to offset opportunities of evil, continues to pervert its normal functions in perhaps only less degree than in former years. And while society in general has vital interest in the newspaper's progress or decadence, Catholics have even more at stake than before. The priest who said that "if the daily paper, as it comes into our homes, were to be given to the world in book form, it would have to be placed on the Index," was a thoughtful observer of times and conditions. The evil in the daily press has far outgrown the good, becoming especially dangerous because of its insidious presentation, its apparent evanescence and its constant recurrence. Ordinary Catholic education, with even the best home environment, is not sufficient to withstand the post-graduate course of the papers which daily present details of crime and sin in such attractive coloring, as if recording the deeds of heroes and martyrs. Youth is particularly susceptible to the impressions thus received, and unusually imitative of many of the facts therein presented.

A newspaper man of wide experience and prominence, in a recent discussion on press affairs, summed up several suggestions for the betterment of newspaper conditions. Among them was the "support and encouragement of schools of journalism in Catholic institutions of education." Strange as it may seem, newspaper men of experience do not always speak unfavorably about schools of

journalism and their by-product, the college paper. The Catholic school of journalism is what is particularly emphasized as beneficial in the cause of morality and decent citizenship. The "news instinct" may be born, but it must be developed, and college training is adapted for this work.

The proper study of ethics is necessary to realize that newspapers have no more rights than any individual. Governmental powers may not be assumed by those who pretend to cater to "public opinion." The press must be restricted to the use of truth only concerning those of whom it has something to say, with no consequent loss of good name. There must be no scandal to the reader, no breaking of any of the Commandments, no matter in how many different ways this may be done on the safe side of a libel suit. A newspaper should be like a witness in a court of law, able and willing to "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," at all times. A "controlled" or "subsidized" newspaper is unable to do this; in fact it is a living lie, while masquerading as a free agent. Incitement to hatred, anger, jealousy and revenge should not be found or encouraged in print, while the "fake science" and other idiocies of the Sunday supplement do great harm to the shallow or half-educated minds who accept it as written. Thus far the ethical side.

It is often pointed out that the average Catholic prefers the use of the daily papers. He supports a Catholic paper, rarely because he likes it, but from a sense of duty, even when the paper happens to be unusually good. The problem, then, is to supply his needs with an amended press. There are questions of Catholic interest in this country which daily cry aloud for utterance, but they are never mentioned, sometimes for fear of offending Catholic readers by incapable presentation. Journalistic ignorance on

matters of Catholic doctrine and practice is appalling. And while we no longer read of the priest "entering the sanctuary with an acolyte in each hand," or some other such evidence of blundering, yet there remains great need for the educated Catholic in the newspaper world. Editors prefer to have reporters do things of which they are capable. The know-it-all reporter is not as popular as formerly. The informed man prevents the "comeback" sure to follow egregious blunders, and city editors are anxious to present Catholic news in fitting expression. Here again is the result of the Catholic college training.

More than that, the influence of the Catholic college man will always tend toward the uplift of the press, toward the toning down, and, in time, the complete suppression of details of sin and crime. Truthful reports of worth-while news, good reading matter on worth-while subjects can be found and properly presented. Good and evil are not so strangely interwoven that the evil cannot be relegated to its proper place. Catholic college action and Catholic journalistic experience will afford a good foundation for these requirements. In fact, such action becomes more and more necessary. The Holy Father has said, "Catholics should read and support Catholic literature." Is it too much to assume that Catholic college interest and Catholic support of an institution which aims to foster such literary and journalistic effort are both really great needs to-day in Catholic social action?

Without dipping too far into the future of a college-trained journalist and his field, what is the place of the college journal in college life? Briefly, it is a forum in which all issues are considered fairly, in which news of the college is presented, where current events are chronicled, opportunities for display of literary talent are afforded, the progress of the alumni is noted, with occasional contributions from the old boys themselves.

It becomes a sort of crucible in which all issues are tried as if by fire, or a laboratory in which principles and practices, measures and regulations are analyzed with due fairness and patience.

And since no boy properly understands any subject until he can explain it, the proper expression of his views in the college paper will serve to improve his class standing.

The college journal will help to prevent carelessness in an art supposed to be mastered before entrance by supplying opportunities for practice. It will discipline and enlighten the mind and develop unknown resources, which are bound to react favorably upon the task of completing one's education by individual effort and independent work in after life.

And perhaps more important than all, in an institution like St. Michael's, with such important federation, the presentation of the Catholic attitude on popular or educative questions sometimes becomes a matter of strict necessity. Without any desire to bring up foreign issues, or to force our opinions upon the University in general, the fact remains that four thousand students realize our position and on occasion might look to us for a viewpoint, or at least be ready to accept our statement of truth on church affairs. And from the official organ of an affiliated college such statement would come with better grace, leaving a more lasting impression.

College journalism is not an experiment. The experience of interested colleges is that they cannot afford to be without their periodical. It becomes an ever-reminding link between the college and its graduates. The world of student-life receives additional incentive, and soon learns to pride itself upon its organ.

The system of interchange between colleges brings journals which are eagerly sought as indications of educational progress in other sections. A natural comparison

aids the output very materially, and offers a broader field of effort. Institutions are judged by the journal which is sure to present their best intellectual effort. The various journals thus received provide an antidote for the mental poison brought into colleges by undesirable literature. In such a journalistic world the student moves in the best society that ever existed. He may only begin his contributions by imitation, but unconsciously his views enlarge, his sympathies become warmer and his aims nobler. He sees the good work done by men of his own station in life and with his own opportunities, and the effect is very soon evident upon his aims and aspirations in life. He need not take himself too seriously in the early effort to settle all the affairs of the universe. A comparative study of the exchanges, with perhaps careful consideration of the leading articles and editorials in newspapers of acknowledged standing, will, under experienced direction, develop sub-

The above article was kindly contributed by Father Donovan, one of the Old Boys. The students of first arts, in their wisdom(?), have decided to debate on the resolution, "That St. Michael's students should publish a College Quarterly." The writer of this article was appealed to by one interested in the debate and in addition to some very valuable references, he hurriedly added his own views on the subject.

We wish to take this occasion of thanking Father Donovan for his kindness in helping us in this matter. Such a ready and able response from a man of wide experience is something rarely met with and deserves the highest praise.

The article will no doubt have great weight in the coming discussion. On reading it one might think that there was no negative side to the argument at all. Perhaps; and if this is so, then we, of Class '17, have failed in our duty, unless it is claimed that the students of to-day are in need of something which, four years ago, was out of the question.

But, with all due respect to Father Donovan and the upholders of the affirmative side of the debate, we must hold to the negative. Our Class reputation demands that we state our views on the subject, but we will merely touch on the important points in our

jects of unusual interest and ideas of practical value. The small college ranks with the larger institution in journalistic life, and the best efforts are not always the product of the "big fellows." To be aware of deficiency in point of numbers, and perhaps in versatility of talent, is a point gained.

But since St. Michael's graduates hold their own anywhere, and since there is no university thought in America in which Toronto does not rank among the highest and best, so, too, should the literary product of this federated college take its place amongst its fellows. The Year Book has proven this. Certainly a publication in such a prominent city by Catholic students of a University so widely and so favorably known, would receive a warm welcome in the college world from graduates everywhere and from the student body at large.

C. F. D.

defence. Freshmen desiring inspiration may call on the Editor.

(a) During the last decade it has been universally conceded that the Year Book, published only once a year, has taxed to the full the interest of its readers. A publication which, with the activities of a complete scholastic year to draw upon for material, still fails to elicit more than a passing interest from its readers, or rather, possible readers, and could expect little more than the fate of the patent medicine almanac if issued at more frequent intervals.

(b) Within our experience several publications have become defunct for want of interest.

(c) Investigation shows that, in general, College magazines are the work of a member of the staff or some one, at most two, rare students who devote the greater part of their time to the task. For us at St. Michael's this would mean the loss of the year. This is why the Year Book, which appears but once a year, goes to press in December instead of April or May, as formerly.

(d) Situated as we are, in affiliation with the University, we have the "Varsity" in which to state our views before the whole university. Students who desire training along editorial or reportorial lines find no difficulty in gaining the required experience through this organ.



CLASS '20

HISTORY OF CLASS '20

THE only cause to which we can attribute the unprecedented number of students in this year's Freshman Class is the recent legislation by the Board of Education which allows the substitution of three months of labour on a farm for the heretofore heartily detested "Matric." As a direct result of this ruling, instead of the usual thirty or more "Freshies," our list of enrolments shows a grand total of approximately seventy.

From every locality on the known globe, this "horde" has assembled, in answer to the Klan Kall for "Catholic Higher Education." From North Bay to Oswego, from Killaloe to Regina, have they thronged; short, tall, slim, and stout; some old and many young, and, as our Professors claim, all quite surprisingly wild and unlettered.

Amongst us may be found humorists of the "slap-stick" variety, such as Goulet and Johnson, and on the other extreme, Lenahan, whose vocabulary keeps his listeners continually looking up "Webster" for the joke. Another of our professional entertainers is Professor Boley, of the Huntsville Tin Band, who too frequently favors us with a "spiteful" selection on the clarionet, accompanied by Farrell on his natural flute.

Prodigies? Why, yes, any amount of them. "Busty" McCusker of Regina typifies the inventive genius of our class. This astounding young man has discovered the greatest ground gainer for the rugby squad that has ever been introduced. His expedient consists merely in this; when

you kick the ball, always follow it in its flight and you will never be off-side.

With all due modesty, let us suggest that in athletics we are without a particle of doubt the backbone of the college. Ford, star outside wing of the first team, has had his eel-like qualities explained by the fact that he worked in a garage last summer. "Tiger" Brown, Fallon and Campeau are also first team men. And in other "Sports" we are quite as well represented. Curtiss often condescends to relieve checker "champions" of their laurels and Ryan claims the undisputed title of card shark. Bulger, who makes a stab at hockey and rugby, does his best "bulging" at the table.

We have with us, of course, the usual Peterboro contingent, but we earnestly hope and pray that their close association with the more genteel Hamilton crew will serve as a softening influence on the characters of these hardy aborigines.

As a whole, however, we are forced to confess that as freshmen, we have run true to form. At the beginning of the term one of our professors was heard to remark that the raw material was indeed raw. But what old St. Michael's has done, she can do again. Class '20, under the careful guardianship of its teachers will develop and even surpass its predecessors, "Which is a consummation devoutly to be wished."

E. X. M., '20.

The Training of a Catholic Boarding School

CARDINAL NEWMAN attributed the prominence which many men in England attained in the last century in large part to the fact that they were the products of boarding-schools. At the same time he deplored the immoral conditions obtaining in many English schools in his day. In a Catholic boarding-school, all the advantages he mentions are secured, while the evils resulting from association with immoral fellow-students are absolutely avoided. To deal with the latter first, the morals of boys in a Catholic boarding-school are unimpeachable. It is practically impossible for even one immoral boy to remain in a Catholic College any length of time and not reform. There is the good influence and example of the students themselves, the safeguard of the rule, regular times of prayer, daily attendance at Holy Mass, frequent and even daily reception of Holy Communion; all these are bound to and do keep the morals of the students safe and sound.

But the point that Newman brings out is that the training the student body exercises on a boy or young man during his course rids him of the faults and defects which would mar his future career; it makes a man out of him, as the world uses the term. And we must bear in mind that the acquisition of the manly virtues, if I be permitted the use of the term, too often does not accompany the ordinary practise of religion even on the part of Catholics. But the young man who goes through a boarding-school is practically forced to practise these virtues whether he likes it or not. The boarding-school is a little world in itself; in a sense it is a complete society. The student has to face on a small scale the problems of after life. His good traits are developed, his bad traits corrected or obliterated.

The young man coming from the country, a small town, or even from another city, has local prejudices and false notions. He is thrown in with say two hundred young men,

upright, frank, and truthful; young men who have different ideas, and perhaps reared in different environments. What is the result? Mind works upon mind, ideas are exchanged if good, chiseled and shaped into correct form if faulty, obliterated if false. Every day the student is receiving influences for his good. To any one at all acquainted with the psychology of college boys, it is a platitude to say that in sizing up a boy, in noting his good qualities and marking his defects they are infallible. Who ever saw a boy receive a nick-name in college which did not fit him exactly? And if they admire frankness, honesty and straight-forwardness, on the other hand, they are equally severe in condemning deception, dishonesty and falseness of character. A boy or young man in college who has any of these bad traits in at all a noticeable degree constantly incurs the condemnation of his colleagues. A wonderfully strong pressure is brought to bear on him. He is ostracized, if not openly persecuted, till he changes his ways.

Then, too, if a young man be selfish, mean, or conceited, his fellow-students inform him of this in no unemphatic terms. He is plainly told his faults and, if at all earnest, he will soon correct them. In this way he is formed by his fellow-students along right lines. He meets in this little world of a boarding-school the same human nature he meets in after life. He has to learn to live with others, to give and take, to show consideration for the opinions and feelings of others, to be slow in asserting his own opinion, to be open, frank and truthful. In a word he adorns himself with the manly virtues. This is the training Newman maintains accounts in great part for success later on. This training coupled with the influence of the grace of the sacraments, the instructions of authorized teachers of the Gospel of Christ, prayer and the safeguard of the rule, produces a man in the full sense of the term.

J. MUCKLE.

LORETTO ABBEY

WHEN in 1912 Loretto Abbey became a residential college for the women students enrolled at St. Michael's, our Alma Mater but came into her own, for the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary was founded especially for the higher education of Catholic young women. If the Church in the troubled days of the seventeenth century needed Catholic women whose education was based on Catholic truth, to check the growth of false doctrines, it has still greater need to-day of cultured Catholic women, whose scholarship is founded on Catholic principles and ideals, to stem the torrent of unbelief. In the seventeenth century woman's sphere was a comparatively limited one, but in the twentieth century her field of activity bids fair to rival man's. The Catholic woman of to-day must then be ready to do her part in solving the problems that the new conditions present.

The houses of the Institute in Europe and throughout the British Empire have long been engaged in the work of higher education. Loretto College, Stephen's Green, Dublin, made a brilliant record during the years it was attached to the Royal University as its women's college. In India, the Loretto House and the Loretto Training College are affiliated with the Calcutta University as far as the Intermediate Arts and Licentiate in teaching; courses covering about three years of university work. The gymnasium for girls conducted by the nuns of the Institute at Ratisbon, Bavaria, and the Training College for Teachers in Melbourne, Australia, handle certain subjects in arts, and are affiliated with their respective universities. When the prospective Catholic College of Melbourne University becomes a reality, it is highly probable that Loretto Convent will become a college for Catholic women students.

Now, to return to the Canadian branch of the Institute, Loretto Abbey College need not blush for the work accom-

plished during its brief span of existence. Looking back from our point of vantage as the class of '17, we note that the past two years have marked epochs in the life of our College. In 1915 our first Graduates (General Course), four in number, received their well-merited degrees. While it is yet too soon to judge the tree by its fruit, very fair buds of promise have been put forth already. One of the interesting quartette has accomplished much for Catholicity in the Social Service Cause, while the others are winning laurels in the teaching profession. 1916 saw degrees conferred on our first Honor Graduates, and they, indeed, bore their blushing honors thick upon them. One was a past mistress in the art of annexing scholarships. She not only out-distanced all competitors in her own College, but in her junior year stood first in the University list. Another member carried off the first prize for Italian, donated by the Italian Consul. Indeed, the Italian Prize seemed to belong to the Class of '16 by hereditary right, as it fell four times to the lot of some one of its members.

But as our College grows in years and numbers, its interests and activities broaden, and it becomes more identified with the larger life of the University, as a whole. Thus we, the Class of '17, on whom the cloak of our predecessors has fallen, may be pardoned if we find its weight a trifle oppressive. On the one hand, we have to meet the new demands and responsibilities that development entails, and on the other to preserve the traditions of high scholarship.

But though our year be marked by no brilliant achievements that might add lustre to the name of our loved Alma has lost nothing of its motive power in our hands; the motto that has carried Loretto through the storm and stress of centuries, that has run like a golden thread through the warf and the woof of our days: *Ad maiorem dei gloriam*.



Some Early Steps in School Journalism

THE various and really clever ways by which this innocent compound word seeks to avoid definition or analysis is almost uncanny. Worcester, Webster, Oxford and Century grapple a vast cohort of other compounds with the confidence of skilled gladiators. But, observe, just as soon as they come within tempting distance of this unprofessional looking opponent they suddenly swerve in their course and hie them to other fields of valor, more urgent or more worthy of their steel.

The determination of these literary knights to shirk responsibility in the matter, being obvious to all, it throws many a raw recruit upon his own bewildered resources.

Claiming no superior equipment or training therefore, I take upon me the duty of deciding definitely what a school journal *is*, involving the more perilous question as to what it *should be*. In so doing, I exclude, as far beyond and above my modest purpose the college organs in any of its phases. In courtesy to the pile of School Monthlies, Quarterlies, Annuals, and Semi-Annuals that lie beside me, I refrain from characterizing my duty as "laborious."

The word "Journal" has survived a sufficient number of variations in meaning to comprise almost any periodical, not excluding the pages which are turned out from the Daily Press. I therefore proceed to investigate, in a fair and impartial spirit, a score or so of the school variety of journal, in the hope of arriving at a few sane conclusions upon the nature of the whole species.

First in order of contents comes the typical essay or biographical sketch, rigid, pedantic, redolent of the text-book and the encyclopedia. Then follows a catalogue of events, dull and lifeless as a business ledger—further on, a sports column, a cold inventory of gains and losses with a conven-

tional record of cheers and encouraging words. Next—but hold! here comes the School Chronicle. "At last!" you exclaim, "We're going to surprise some of the flesh and blood inhabitants of this desert place." Not so. It presents you with another list of routine events and personals which strikes the keynote not only of its own proper column but of all similar ones in all contemporary journals of the kind. Variations in form, it would seem, are merely accidental slips of the pen.

Such a review is sure to arouse a host of questions suggested by anxious solicitude, no less than by curiosity. Question one: Is this literature in any real sense of the word? Is it school-literature in any sense at all? Are there no longer any young people in our schools and academies? Is the race dying out and going the melancholy way of many another worthy institution of bygone days? What is the end or purpose of a school journal? How does it fulfill that end? Who constitutes its circle of readers? Should it reflect the mature thought of the faculty, or the amateur thought of the student? Should it model itself on the magazines and reviews under which the book-stands groan? Should it strive to gain the special patronage of the great, or produce upon its pages the literary and artistic contributions of professionals? Lastly and chiefly, should it seek to disguise under strained pretences the *beginnings* of wisdom in letters and art, or endeavor to conceal the natural and healthy enthusiasm of the school world?

Let good sense and good taste, those two indispensable criteria make reply.

Dean Stanley characterizes literature very aptly as "Thoughts that breathe." Carlyle in his *Memoirs—Life of Scott*, calls it the "Thought of thinking souls." How

refreshing it is to come upon a real live thought in our reading, and how rarely in a school journal we come upon one, unless from the pen of an adult, who should have but a subordinate position in that realm. I know a little boy who used to compose long letters before he could read or write a word. He carried them to his father who read into the closely packed hieroglyphics, his own translation of the boy's mind, getting assent or disapproval according as he proved faithful or false to the youthful standard. The father played interesting experiments sometimes, using stilted terms and unusual words and phrases. "No, no. Daddy, I didn't write that!" invariably, and very firmly came the warning. There was no deceiving that keen intelligence. The language must adjust itself to his restricted point of view and his more restricted vocabulary or he would disclaim authorship. The thought that touched no living image in his baby mind, was rejected with promptitude and energy. To my mind, those transcriptions were true literature. I have often struck a little mine of such literature in the class-room, never, however, without realizing what a delicate matter it was to work it without debasing the ore, first by turning the light of consciousness upon it—and then, by that most blighting of all processes, the blue pencil. How much of real throbbing life is cancelled by that merciless weapon!

Among the publications of the late Catholic Educational Congress, there is a recommendation, which, I should think, would encourage a natural, untrammelled flow of ideas, as well as of language. I mean the plea for diary-writing. A well-kept diary, subject to a very little wise direction but to no unsolicited supervision, would develop a natural directness of expression which very rarely appears in a class essay. The diary, however, should be kept purely out of the realm of school tasks.

Some such expedient seems imperative, unless we are content with the line of colorless writings with which our journals abound. The present age offers so much in the way of amusement and distraction that there is little or no leisure afforded the child to live its own proper life, much less to express its ideas. Intellectual growth is discouraged by lack of incentive to development, if not, indeed, quite overwhelmed by adult achievement, at which it first wonders, and then makes feeble and pathetic attempts to imitate.

"Leave us our children!" we are tempted to cry out. Maturity may be admirable, but youth, with all its fair promise and fresh enthusiasm has more endearment and charm, creating an atmosphere that has less of earth and more of heaven about it. Time, and contact with the things of time, have left unblurred, so far, the child's vision of the great realities.

How would a child, even a college graduate, answer our question as to the end or purpose of the school journal? It would be curious to note. Did you ever see a conservatory where the best products of the garden, as well as the first slips and specimen of rare plants are preserved? It seems to me that the school is like that conservatory and a school journal should be a miniature copy thereof. It should contain the flowers of class-room achievement, and even a few buds and tiny shoots. All departments, even of an ordinary school or college cannot appear through the medium of print or the artist's pencil, yet there are ways of reaching many of these which are seldom or never attempted. There is the "Charity Column" for instance, which, without giving forbidden information to the "right hand" by betraying the "left hand's" complicity, might very laudably reveal its own knowledge of, and interest in, good works which would act as a wholesome incentive to its readers. In this way, literary and moral ends would join hands.

It should be the end or purpose of a school journal to encourage and stimulate special effort on the part of the student; first, for his own sake, secondly for the sake of those to whom he owes his education, and thirdly, to justify, in some slight measure, the hopes of those who have planted and nourished the seeds of learning and wisdom.

The circle of a school journal is necessarily a small one, a fact that is neither to be wondered at nor lamented. If to that circle composed of professors, pupils, with their relatives and immediate friends, the matter is in any sense vital, as it should be, that is more than can be claimed by many a more pretentious magazine, with a circulation boasting of five figures.

Only to its own undoing does a school journal strive to model itself upon the magazines and reviews of the outside world. Let it grow and develop in its own atmosphere. To limit its audience is often to strengthen its appeal to their attention. The world at large will not be attracted by a weak solution of its own ideals and opinions. One is tempted in this connection to quote Thoreau's shockingly pagan answer to one, who attended him in his last illness, and who endeavored to direct his thoughts to the world to which he was fast going, "One world at a time please." A school is a little world in itself, or should be, therefore its organ of speech, the journal, should reflect the aims, aspirations, and activities of that world exclusively. If tempted sometimes to chafe under such limitations, it should remember that there is one direction for its expansion which admits no limit or bar—the upward one.

To seek the patronage of great or eminent men and women is, on the part of such a journal, a mistake. Only by a deviation from its chief end can any real approach

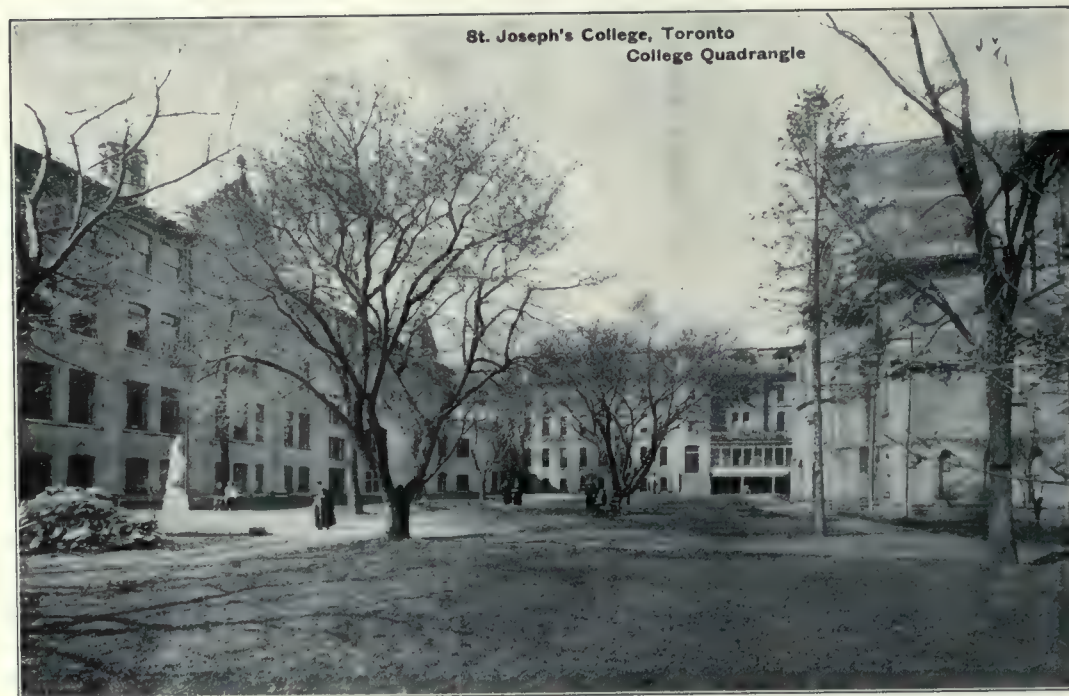
be successful. Oftentimes such an appeal is recognized only by the editor himself—unless we include the waste baskets of the great. To solicit contributions from the pens of professionals sometimes causes embarrassment and gives offence, or wounds the feelings of those who cannot understand our motive for discriminating in the matter.

Before concluding, let me advert to a certain plain-covered little semi-annual, which is edited, printed and bound within the academy, whose name it bears, and whose efficiency it proclaims.* To my mind it embodies all the ideals suggested above. I need not turn to the chronicle alone in order to get in actual touch with its proper contributors. There are unmistakable traces of the amateur on every page. The verse, which is good, does not soar too high to be true. The subject-matter of essays and stories is for the most part drawn from the class-room. Even the college essay bears the stamp of originality as well as of learning. Every number of it is alive with the enthusiasm of youth, not entirely freed from blunders, and happily, not apologetic for them. When we do come upon the chronicle of school happenings, we find it full of the rollicking, care-free spirit of youth. Comment, which in sheer exuberance, runs into delightful doggerel now and then, clothes and beautifies every fact. Not what the writer is *supposed* to think, but the living spark of what he really *does* think adorns the page, and his humor runs upon the safe and healthy level of refinement and sense, showing the directing and not the restraining hand of authority.

All honor to the brave little paper that dares to live its own life, think its own thoughts, and in a word—"Dares to be in fashion with itself."

"LORETTO."

* "The Althea," Convent of the Holy Child Jesus, Sharon Hill, Penn.



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

SIX years have now elapsed since St. Joseph's College extended her course of education to include the academic requirements for a Degree in Arts from the University of Toronto. Nevertheless there are still many interested in Catholic higher education for young women who are not familiar with the nature of this extended course, nor with the new conditions of student life recently introduced within this institution of learning. While St. Joseph's Convent as a school for young girls is known to the public by a proud record of over three score years, the College, or recent extension has yet to make profession of its educational faith and to establish its reputation through the apostleship of its graduates.

The College Course is of four years duration, and follows upon the completion of Matriculation or its equivalent standing. It adheres strictly to the prescription for courses laid down in the Calendar of the University of Toronto, and leads to the Degree in Arts awarded to the students who complete their course in that University. The College at present finds accommodation within the same pile of buildings with the Convent School or Academy on St. Alban St. This location lies within the University circle and is convenient for attendance at lectures in the various buildings grouped around the campus. The College is distinctly separate from the Convent School and being subject to entirely different conditions it is governed according to the varying necessities of its gradual growth which as yet belongs only to the period of infancy.

The privileges which St. Joseph College enjoys through its affiliation with the provincial University of Toronto are in character and importance unique and the advantages of this new relationship are coming to be appreciated by a wider circle of patrons and by a larger number of students as the success of year after year is repeated. The year 1916 was a banner year in scoring happy results, every student in the College surpassing the hopes of even the most

sanguine. It is a satisfaction however to feel that the worth of striving depends not upon success, but upon the perseverance and fidelity with which one continues to hope and labour, though it is not easy to eradicate from young minds that admiration which attends the performances of the clever student, who gains success without apparently working for it. We delight in an effect which appears to have no vulgar cause, yet when there shows in the apparent idler the signs of many a long hour's labor ignored and lightly thought of, covered over with a pleasant veil of fun and ease and happy leisure, the combination is one that no heart can resist, as we have known it.

Nor is life in these long days of lecture routine devoid of pictorial circumstance which belongs to the celebration of such occasions as St. Theresa's Day, when there was mirth, and then refreshment, and lastly—that Shakespearean romance, which evoked so much interest and enriched the fortunes of the lucky heroines—E. Dowdall and M. Murphy; or again, such a pageant as was enacted on the Eve of All Hallows, which found time and place and interest in an "encore." These, and a number of minor happenings, which might be here connoted, such as the inter-college debate, the theatre night, and the Catholic Church Extension bazaar have contributed to make this year one whose memory will be in the new life of some future day a loved and cherished past.

For the graduates, the year now drawing to a close has been in prospect full of pleasure, and the crowning day of successful achievement is even now complacently watched for as a star of brilliant promise. We know what fruits must ripen from the seed we sow, and the present day is but the mould in which we cast them. May our faith-sown seeds then grow and flourish in the soil of love and earnest labor, to bear fruit and ripen into high heroic deeds illumined by the Light of Truth and strengthened by the Love of Heaven.



TENNIS CLUB EXECUTIVE

THE TENNIS CLUB

“O GIRLS! The tennis-court was marked this morning” were the words which fell upon our ears as we entered the College refectory when we returned to St. Joseph’s at the opening of the term. How much this announcement meant to us as we thought of the many exciting games we had enjoyed during the previous year, and what happy memories were aroused at the bare mention of that green court, with its neighboring hedge and the delightful fragrance of fruit-tree blossoms which floated on the May-day zephyrs across the wide open space.

Our tennis club was immediately re-organized, with Eileen as President; Muriel, Vice-President; Emily, Secretary, and Madeline as Treasurer. At once the games began. To spectators, tennis seems very simple and uninteresting, at least that was our opinion before we caught the vital spirit of the game. We soon found out that the exercise of every muscle was necessary and that one must be ever on the alert, especially when one has Madeline for an opponent, whose serves are so dreaded by the brilliant players of the Second Year. No one knows better than Frances how easy it is to hit the ball as well from one position as another and to return it to the right court. How familiar to her is “In the alley,” “On the back line, Fran.” and like warnings! This little maid seemed always to have a predilection for “Short Courts.” Some players would feel honoured to have their President for an adversary. Not so with us, as Eileen’s swift serves usually secured for her a “love game” which was exasperating,

for we might put forth all our efforts, only to be baffled by one who needed to exert so little energy.

It is such a satisfaction to hear the dull thud of the ball upon the racket and to see it bounce just where one wishes it to go. Emily has acquired this art and finds it very convenient, for her curiosity sometimes causes her to send the ball over the fence. This is one occasion upon which she noticeably fails to say, “Oh let the ‘Freshies’ get it.” Does anyone fail to explain her unusual amiability? Muriel can brandish the racket in the left hand quite as well as in the right, and in this serviceable feat is the envy of the court. The ambitious trio from Penetang is completed by Edna, whose daring will eventually lead her to success. At present she displays as much ability on the court as in the Chemistry Laboratory. To enjoy an exciting game of tennis, Edna would skip any lecture save Italian, which has charms for her beyond the rest. The Club would not be complete without “our American”—Claire—whose hero—“Vic”—will have no little share in bringing her to the goal of success. “Vic.” is the goal which can always spur Claire forward when her spirits flag. Lastly, we come to Marion, the unruffled, and ever enthusiastic advocate of this excellent game. From the lecture-room, where “Sturm und Drang” reigns, we rush light-hearted to the tennis-court, where all cares are banished. Assuredly it improves the temper, teaches perseverance, and the practise of self-control. It is also beneficial to health, as it necessitates the development of the muscles by exercise in the open air. We all think that tennis is an ideal game.

M. A. & F. W., '19.

Valedictory

ALTHOUGH we profess an indisposition toward admitting, even to ourselves, the existence of any change in the even geniality of our souls, and although our reticence is perhaps more pronounced when it comes to exposing this emotion to the public eye, we must, nevertheless, confess to a certain sense of imminent, irreparable loss. From this very reticence we have concluded that no mere change in the ordinary routine of our lives, no mere quitting of the certain for the obscure can be the cause of our inglorious admission. It must be something of a weightier nature, something which affects the very basis of our existence; and it is.

If you grant, as we do, that the higher appetites of man's intricate soul are appeased and fulfilled only when he devotes his energies toward the furtherance of the common good, then, it necessarily follows, that he alone, who labours for the betterment of the community, can attain any degree of happiness in this world; that the egoist, the self-centred, the individualist has never known real happiness and never will. Thus, we who have, for the past several years, been living and playing our part in the Ideal Democracy; we who have been putting into practice a higher Altruism, a sinking of our personal interests in the interest of the incorporate whole; who have laboured, perhaps unconsciously in some cases, for the betterment of our little state; we who have lost ourselves in enthusiasms with the consummation of each step toward the common end; surely the higher appetites of our souls have been fulfilled; surely we have been happy.

And now, we must leave our perfect state for a democracy which is but a mockery of the word. We must debase our interests to the sordid level of egoism. We must stand aside and watch one of the pitifully few realizations of the ideal pass from our grasp forever. Surely our sense of loss is founded on something more than trivial.

But, throughout the years of our sojourn in the land of false promises to which we go, may we strive unceasingly to bring into actuality, once more, that Ideal Democracy existing nowhere on this earth save in the College where we passed the most *satisfying* years of our lives.

'17

A VICIOUS CIRCLE

Being an Account of a Philosophy Seminar Taking as a Major Premise:
"It All Depends on How You Look at It."

AS FAR as I could learn, the discussion was on philosophy. But what particular branch, Mr. Smith was unable to tell me, and further attempts to clear the matter only confused that gentleman and made his incoherence greater. So understand, that as a mere retailer of the facts as they were given to me, I cannot be expected to make you any wiser on the matter than was Mr. Smith himself. For as philosophers themselves say, "Without a proportionate cause you cannot produce an exorbitant effect."

It appears that Mr. Smith had pulled through about fifteen minutes of the lecture without displaying his poverty of information concerning the subject in hand. This he accomplished by maintaining a deferential silence. The drowsy hissing of the radiator, the look of hopeless ignorance on the faces of the General Course men, the dreamy voices of the professors, with an occasional staccato bark from a student who knew a little philosophy and wanted the rest to know that he knew it, all combined to soothe Mr. Smith's nerves and lull him to sleep.

In this unguarded moment the trouble began. The discussion, which was called "The existence of the appetite for tobacco among philosophers," was proceeding satisfactorily and had reached the stage where the material of

Caesar's pipe was being hotly debated. Suddenly a professor exclaimed:

"Smith! What sensation do you experience through your eyes?"

Mr. Smith came to life and replied, promptly enough, "Why sight, I guess."

The effect of this statement was electrical. Mr. Fitzgerald was plainly nonplussed and seemed to be trying to imagine where such an admission would lead him. Mr. Markle was also perplexed. To no one, except perhaps a few of the General Course students, did the fact seem at all plausible that the eyes were made to see with. Since the Generals were there merely on sufferance, their opinions did not bear much weight.

"I don't quite understand Mr. Smith's position," said Mr. Fitzgerald. "Am I to understand that Mr. Smith really believes that the eyes are made for sight and nothing more?"

"I do," replied Mr. Smith with characteristic obduracy.

"Cinematographically speaking," broke in Mr. Markle, "I think Mr. Smith is right. Take for instance the various sensations we experience during a moving picture show: For example, a Wild West show. You see——."

"Hold on a minute," cautioned Mr. Fitzgerald, "I deny

any such thing as a Wild West show. I don't know whether there's anything going on outside of me or not."

"Do you know if you're there yourself?" interposed Mr. McManamy.

But this sally was greeted with such a frown by the dons present that the philosophic gentleman relapsed into his former attitude of respectful attention.

"No," said a professor. "There's much to be said on both sides. You both may be right and then again you both may be wrong.

Just at this point Mr. Brown, who had been thinking deeply for a considerable time, was heard to murmur,

"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

The thought, uttered in a moment of abstraction, seemed irrelevant even to the philosophers, and a varied collection of assorted frowns greeted Mr. Brown as he looked up from his meditation. Considerable embarrassment was evident among all the General Course students, who probably sympathized with Mr. Brown.

Mr. Markle was the first to pick up the lost threads of the discourse. "When you open your eyes in the dark you see nothing, don't you?" he inquired sagely.

"Well, I grant you that," said Mr. Fitzgerald.

"Good! Now when you open your eyes in the light, do you mean to tell me you see nothing, too?"

"Well, I don't see—" said Mr. Fitzgerald.

"But you see nothing," persisted his logical opponent.

"Well, yes; I see nothing," concluded the negatively inclined philosopher.

"Then you're dark all the time, light or no light."

"Ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed Mr. McBride, who seemed intoxicated with the possibilities suddenly opened up by this turn in the discussion. "What is it you call someone that's dark all the time?"

Even the professors were perplexed and craved enlightenment on the point.

"Why, a Darky!" vociferated Mr. McBride triumphantly.

The effect of this verbal bomb was indeed startling. The assembly sprang to its collective feet. The philosopher thus designated turned wrathfully toward Mr. McBride. The General Course, one and all, could be seen rolling up their sleeves. The professors vainly strove to restore order, but their voices were lost in the din. Mr. Markle appeared about to lay hands on the offending member to eject him.

At this juncture, Mr. Smith was observed vanishing through the door and on this account we are obliged to draw the curtain here. We can hope, however, that nothing came of the matter, as Mr. Smith claims that all were around next morning as usual. We may judge, nevertheless, that the insurrectionists were overcome by the subtle influence of philosophy and laid down their arms in tribute to the superior power of mentality. Or perhaps the whole thing is merely what happened in Mr. Smith's imagination as he slumbered in a dark corner of the library.

To the Boys of St. Michael's who Died in Battle

THE campus and the classic hall,
The haunts of work and play,
Knew them—and then they heard a Call
Insistent, far away.

It was the Call of battle grim;
The Call of Land and King;
A Call of Death in a flaming town,
Where Europe's warring sons went down,
And on the Flanders uplands brown,
Red guns roared menacing!

A deep voice cried: "Away, away!
Leave all you prize most dear.
Lo, now has dawned a sterner day,
Leave ye your books and leave your play,
Duty am I—my sisters gray
Are Pain, and Death, and Fear."

"To such as quake before our glance
We grow more fearful still;
But to the Brave our Gifts are free,
They dread us not, but rapturously
Follow our lead o'er land and sea
And know our kisses' thrill!"

So from St. Michael's went they forth,
Those young hearts bold and true,
To give their lives for a race oppressed,
Where Belgium's skies are blue.

They shared in all the horrors there,
The cold, the smearing mud;
They heard the "high explosive" crash,
And the machine-guns' whip-like lash,
And felt upon their cheeks the splash
Of dying comrades' blood!

Day in, day out, they bore the strain,
Nor whimpered at their fate;
Till all the world was forced to heed
The lesson of their glorious deed—
True sons of the Canadian breed,
Like their forefathers great!

Out on that trenched and pitted plain,
Or in some burning town,
Death came at last to each of these,
And they shall rest beyond the seas,
While time goes by, and God's decrees
Their deathless exploits crown.

Then mourn them not, but deep rejoice;

And keep their memories green.

Within these halls, while seasons fly,

Honour the brave who went to die

That Freedom's flag might wave on high

Unsullied and serene.

—JAMES B. DOLLARD.





JOHN CECIL FEENEY

In Memoriam

John Cecil Feeney was born at Marmora, July 11th, 1897. After receiving his preparatory education at St. Peter's School and the Collegiate Institute, Peterboro, where he passed his Senior Matriculation with honours, he registered at St. Michael's with Class '17, in 1913.

The acknowledged all-around athletic star of the College, "Cec" helped to bring home to St. Michael's the Dominion Intermediate Rugby Championship and played on the first Hockey and Baseball teams. He never allowed his athletic activities to interfere with his class work, however, and displayed a remarkable ability in his Philosophical studies.

He qualified for his lieutenancy with the C.O.T.C., but enlisted in February, 1916, as a private in the 5th Universities Company, reinforcing the P.P.C.L.I. After spending scarcely two months in the trenches, he was officially listed as killed in action on the 15th of September, 1916.

He leaves a mother and two sisters to whom Class '17 extends its heart-felt sympathy. His brothers, several in number, are also serving at the front.

His loss is a source of honest sorrow to the students of St. Michael's in general, but more especially to us, of Class '17, with whom he lived in close association for several years. May our prayers intercede for him and aid him in reaping the reward of his pious conduct, while in our midst, and his final sacrifice of his life for his country. *Requiescat in Pace.*



J. HERBERT BUTLER

In Memoriam

Abandoning what had thus far been a promising scholastic career to take up arms in the Empire's cause, Private Joseph Herbert Butler, a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Butler, of Desjardinsville, Quebec, left for England with a company of University students reinforcing the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. Early in the fall of 1915 he entered the trenches and, until the summer of 1916, when he was finally reported as killed in action, fulfilled his duty as a soldier and a man.

A prospective student for the priesthood, he had studied at Loyola, the Redemptorists' College at St. Anne's and St. Mary's College, Pennsylvania, before coming to St. Michael's, where his conduct was a continual source of edification to his fellow-students.

"Herb." as he was affectionately known to his large circle of friends, was the centre of all social activities and his attractive personality made him one of the most popular boys in the college within a few months of his advent.

His invincible optimism made him almost a necessity to the well-being of the student body and not until he had left us did we realize to the full the place he held in our esteem. The sympathy of the whole college is extended to his bereaved parents for the loss of a such a son. *Requiescat in Pace.*



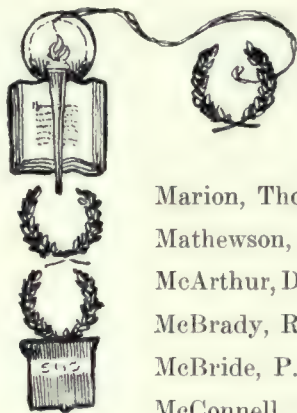
HONOUR ROLL

Amyot, Dr.	Connelly, F.
Amyot, Gregory	Cowan, V.
Amyot, Jno.	Crocker, Al.
Amyot, Wm.	Dafoe, V. (Dead)
Babbin, H.	Day, Art.
Baldwin, H.	Disette, Art.
Barker, J. C.	Dixon, Alf.
Barker, J. J.	Dohany, Chas.
Brazil, R.	Doheny, C.
Brown, F.	Doyle, W.
Brown, E.	Doyle, Max (Dead)
Butler, H. (Dead)	Douville, L.
Cameron, G.	Duffy, C.
Carr, Jos.	Duffy, Frank.
Carr, Wm.	Duffy, J.
Carrington, J.	Duggan, M.
Cassidy, P. J.	Duggan, S.
Cheriot, A.	Dupont, J. B.
Christy, B.	Drouin, Jos.

**Students and Alumni of St. Michael's
College who have enlisted for
Overseas Service**

Evans, C.	Forestell, T. F.
Fee, Jas.	Foy, Jas.
Feeney, J. C. (Dead)	Foy, E.
Fitzgerald, Jas.	French, H.
Flanagan, J.	Gallivan, T. J.
Foley, E.	Ganley, J. R.

Garden, Wm.	Hughes, J. J.
Gates, Al.	Hynes, Wilfrid.
Gates, Jno.	Irwin, J.
Gilchrist, Wm.	Jones, Ashton.
Glynn, Bernard.	Keemle, C. E. (Dead)
Glynn, F. P.	Kelly, M. E.
Graham, P.	Kelly, P.
Grey, Jno.	Kerr, Bernard.
Hanlan, E. S.	Kirkwood, Frank
Healy, Stephen.	Law, Victor.
Healy, Chas.	Lawless, A.
Healy, Michael.	Layton, Louis.
Hern, W. C.	Lee, Ormond.
Hewlett, R. A.	Lynch, Jas.
Hinds, D'Arcy.	Mahoney, F.
Hinds, Paul.	Maloney, P.
Hitchcox, Jas.	Malone, Basil.
Higgins, Thos.	Malone, Stan.
Hughes, Frank.	Massan, W. S.



HONOUR ROLL—*Continued*

Marion, Thos.

Mathewson, Herb

McArthur, Donald

McBrady, Robt.

McBride, P. J.

McConnell, Thos.

McCool, Jos.

McCool, Justin.

McDonagh, Frank.

McDougall, D.

McEvenue, St. Clair.

McFee, A.

McIntosh, Jno.

McIntosh, R.

McLaughlin, Paul.

McMahon, V.

McNab, W. J.

McTague, C. P.

Mead, Geo.

Meador, Jos.

Meehan, P. M.

Miller, F. P.

Miller, L. S.

Miller, H.

Mulligan, D. G.

Murphy, Jno.

Murphy, Sterndale.

Murray, Rev. Wm.

McKerry, G. J.

Noble, Reg.

O'Brien, Wm.

O'Connor, A.

O'Connor, J. R.

O'Connor, Somers.

O'Donnell, J.

O'Neill, Clifford.

O'Sullivan, J. J.

O'Sullivan, P. M.

Patterson, R.

Pickett, Rev. M. J.

Pitts, Chas. (Dead).

Rainboth, E.

Reaume, Stan.

Reilly, J. J.

Ridout, Thos.

Roach, Martin.

Roach, Frank.

Ryan, Jos.

Ryan, Frank.

Sauve, Art.

Sedgewick, J.

Shanahan, D.

Smith, Harold.

Smith, Chas.

Smith, David.

Smith, G. W.

Smith, R. G.

Staley, Rev. M.

Thornton, Peter.

Thompson, Chas.

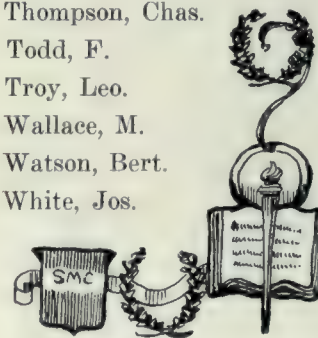
Todd, F.

Troy, Leo.

Wallace, M.

Watson, Bert.

White, Jos.





THE C.O.T.C.

THE C.O.T.C.

NOTHING so exasperates a member of the Canadian Officers' Training Corps as to be designated, through ignorance, or with malicious intent, a cadet. We are powerless to avoid the indignities offered to us by the malicious, but a few words of explanation will save us many unintentional insults from the uninformed.

The fact of the matter is that we are not cadets; far from it. In the fall of '14 we were gazetted at Ottawa as a regular militia unit, subject to home defence only. The sole difference existing between our corps and an ordinary militia unit is one of superiority. For not only do we drill in preparation for any possible trouble on this side of the Atlantic, but, by means of mutual instruction and attendance at frequent lectures on modern military tactics, we are enabled to prepare ourselves for commissions in overseas battalions.

At the conclusion of each scholastic year, a board of examiners, appointed by the Militia Department at Ottawa, selects from the members of the corps all those who have, by diligent application, proven themselves capable of leading men in the greatest of modern games.

As evidence of the verity of this latter statement and as a reminder to any of our fellow-members who, through lack of attention to the business in hand, have fallen behind in their drills, a facsimile of the certificate granted to successful candidates is reproduced on this page.

The St. Michael's quota of N.C.O.'s and men is known as Number One Platoon, "E" Company, U. of T. Contingent, C. O. T. C. The remainder of the company is made up of Trinity and Wycliffe students. Corporal J. O'Loane has been in charge of No. 1 Platoon since the recommencement of drills.



CANADIAN

OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

This is to Certify that

Private Blank

*of the University of Toronto Contingent,
Canadian Officers Training Corps, having fulfilled the necessary conditions as to
efficient service and having passed the prescribed examination, is qualified for the
rank of **LIEUTENANT**, in the Infantry of the Active Militia.*

*Militia Headquarters,
Ottawa.*

R. A. Ashmead, Colonel.

Director of Military Training.

Date May 5th 1916

*A copy of this Certificate is filed at
Militia Headquarters, Ottawa,
under No. 151*

S. H. C. [Signature]

For Adjutant General

One Day

I HAD been reclining luxuriously on a deliciously soft and fleecy cloud. On the cloud next to mine, Father Carr and Socrates were maintaining a most instructive conversation, the even tenor of which was only broken by an occasional, "It seems to me——" from Bene Fac-teur, who was also present. When suddenly, as I was just about to consume a large portion of ambrosia-on-toast, a great din filled my ears (Immaterial of course). "Surely," thought I, "they have no bells in heaven." The clouds dissolved; it grew darker and darker;—"Clang, bang," came the sound, wafted from the dim distance. Then a succession of sharp raps on my door, continued in a gradual decrescendo along the length of the hall. A heavy thump shook the walls as the ponderous bulk of my next-door neighbor struck the floor.

"To get up, or not to get up; that's the question." I decided to sleep just five minutes longer.—

It burst into the room like a whirlwind, belabouring my room-mate and shrieking in a continual stream, "Get up, get up; it's time for mass." I switched on the light and I beheld,—the Prefect of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality.

I decided to get up. On my way out to the wash-room I woke my room-mate again.

The wash-room was inhabited by many other wan-faced students, singularly dull and untalkative, who devoted their time exclusively to the unpleasant task of washing. After due thought and consideration, I finally summoned up enough courage to dab my face tentatively with the ice-cold water, and with the repose of mind which comes of duty well done, proceeded to leave the room. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Brown, of room 9, had chosen this particular moment to make his entry through the swinging door, and a most deplorable collision occurred in which

the door suffered no injury. Regrets were exchanged with affected laughter, but the true feelings of the participants were expressed by their balefully gleaming eyes.

As my room-mate was still in bed, I woke him again and continued with my dressing. As I darted up the stairs to mass, I met Father Muckle coming down in search of the prayers. It was my turn to say them. I returned to the room, rescued the prayers, woke my room-mate again, and, after re-ascending the stairs, read the prayers to an attentive audience.

Mass ended, as is the habit of such things, and the throng proceeded to disport themselves, some by regaining curtailed sleep, some by finishing a rather hasty dressing, while the majority moped about the hall with that vacant stare which betokens the hopeless agnostic. One pair, with zeal and fervour shining in their faces, set themselves to trudging back and forth on the walk, turning with mechanical precision at each end, while an admiring throng gazed upon the scene from above.

The bell clanged dolefully and we descended to the refectory, purloining as we went the newspapers left on the stair-post for the good Fathers.

When all were seated, the belated members of the "Irish flat" began to file in, singly, in pairs and in groups, until the tables at the front were almost, if not quite, filled. Then came the clattering of many tongues and pandemonium, equalled only by that in the great Chicago grain pit, broke loose. During lulls in the conversation, frantic signals were made by the beings behind the wicket, but to no avail, as no toast issued forth.

The study following this "meal," I occupied by reading the morning paper, and just as I was deeply immersed in an editorial of remarkable virility on "The Colour of

Jersey Cows," there came a convulsive tremor from the bed. The clothes heaved upwards and fell to the floor. My room-mate sat up in bed, yawned wearily and inquired the time. Upon being told, he subsided once more in the bed, commended himself to Morpheus and fell asleep.

There came a great rumbling and the sound of squeaking casters in the hall. I went to the door to investigate and there beheld Gus O'Shea, mournfully watching his bed as it was wheeled away. It appears that Gus had slept in once too often and would have to sleep in the dormitory until he showed signs of improvement. Returning to the room and finding that there was no time left in which I might do a little work, I wandered into the next room in the vain hope of stirring up an argument. With this end in view, I remarked casually that, to my mind, it did one good to arise at six, but this paradoxical statement aroused no opposition whatever, the denizens of the "dive" being too sleepy to protest. Disheartened, therefore, I returned to my room to find my room-mate sitting up in bed and evidently thinking of getting up. As I started to encourage him in this noble resolve, the bell rang for class and dressing was completed in a hurry.

The first two lectures were rather drowsy, but the class continued steadily to copy page after page of notes, and fervently sighed for the bell. Punctually at half-past nine, our great day-scholar triumphantly burst in the door, and, with a sigh of relief, began to take notes at a furious rate. "Holy Petudilem!" he said to me in a loud whisper, "I thought I'd miss the lecture."

When the bell had rung for recess, I persuaded a friend to buy for me at the candy pound, and while we each devoured a luscious nut-bar, we read the newsy gossip in the "Varsity."

For the next half hour I dissipated by playing two strenuous games of hand-ball, of which I won the first and

lost the second by a narrow margin. The latter game was the cause of a violent argument over a disputed decision, which lasted all the way up the hall. So engrossed were we in our discussion, that, taking no heed of where we were going, I kicked over Harry's pail of suds. Immediately we broke into flight, pursued by Harry's bitter invectives, and we finally reached our rooms in safety.

I dressed up to go to a History lecture, but, on reaching the front door, found a suspicious-looking box which might contain "eats." With the able, or rather, expert assistance of another of the "hungry," I investigated and discovered a veritable mine of apples. Many of these were removed and the box was nailed up as before. It was not until I had cached my plunder in my room that I realized that I had missed my lecture and I was at once filled with dismay and regret. Mr. Brown also took it very much to heart, so much so that he called in his younger brother and delivered to him a stern lecture on the evil of missing classes. This made a profound impression on the younger Brown and it was noticed that he carefully wrote out a time-table and pinned it above his desk for future reference.

My feeling of desolation vanished when the bell rang for dinner, and, gaily seizing my next-door neighbor by the scruff of the neck, I rushed him furiously down the hall. This action occasioned the wise remark, "What d'ye think a man is? A geese?"

Unfortunately, my two correspondents had chosen the preceding day as the one on which they should send me their weekly scrolls and, as it is an inviolable rule on the table that any person receiving more than one letter at a meal forfeits his piece of pie, I was forced to assume a smile of good-natured tolerance as the pie was cut in five. I immediately moved the abolition of the rule, and the ensuing argument attained such a height of volubility that



even the Olympians, who dwell on the dias above, deigned to bestow upon us a reproving frown. Finally, however, it was decided to do away with the troublesome rule, "after to-day."

I spent a few minutes after dinner in kicking the football and watching a hair-raising game of hand-ball. It may be of interest to ex-students to note that we no longer have to remain out on the "campus" for any prescribed time and so it was that I was enabled to stride past the recreation master, awe-inspiring being, with perfect impunity.

I had class that afternoon and so did not go down town, but strolled blithely from my room, down the hall, down the stairs, whistling nonchalantly all the way. Along the main corridor I continued until, bursting into the class-room, I found it deserted, save for the professor, who was pacing up and down in front of the board. Before I could escape he seized me and together we translated page after page of French. However, the episode aroused a feeling of great virtue within me and I immediately called on the elder Mr. Brown and delivered to him a stern lecture on the evil of missing classes. This made a profound impression on him and it was noticed that he carefully wrote out a time-table and pinned it above his desk for future reference.

My attempts to get a little sleep were frustrated by a horde of Sophs. singing in chorus, "Yaaka Hula Hickey Dula," with an unique effect. In addition to this, at various intervals, loud knocks resounded on my door, all of which I answered. To each of the "callers" I relinquished some part of my personal belongings until, as five o'clock

drew near, I decided that I would have to replenish my somewhat depleted stock. This I did by borrowing from the rooms in the immediate vicinity a cap, a glass, a dictionary, a magazine and a stamp.

I was a few minute late in going down to supper, so I resolved to slip down the inside way. Hurriedly I dashed through the masters' flat and clattered down the stairs. On the first landing I paused in dismay. Motionless at the foot of the stairs stood a spectre, tall and imposing, clad entirely in black. "'Thus far and no farther!'" it seemed to say. Despairingly I was forced to retrace my steps and go to supper in the appointed way.

Jollity reigned supreme at the table. Those who had been out related their experiences "down town," or criticized the various shows. Those who had not been so fortunate contented themselves by criticizing the meal.

A little music after supper, a little dance, a good smoke and a lengthy discussion put everybody in good spirits, and we listened attentively to our prefect's little talk, wherein he showed us by indisputable logic how easy it is to get up in the morning. We were quite enthusiastic about early rising when he completed his dissertation, but alas! How well we knew that in the cold gray light of the dawn all would seem different; the enthusiasm would be lacking.

The day was drawing to a close. For the St. Michael's day ends at ten o'clock. The evening study glided by, prayers were said and wearily we crept into bed to dream of a place where bells, professors, classes and studies have no existence and life is one long, sweet dream.

J. P. M., '17.

ST. MICHAEL'S AND DEBATING

DEBATING, as a means of rapid but efficient inquiry into the pressing needs of our age, satisfies that taste for serious subjects born of the momentous events of our troublesome times. Of all classes of humanity, university students are prone to discuss most earnestly these all-important topics. Hence, in this historic third year of the Great War, the undergraduate has found that his interest in debating is founded on causes much deeper than the mere rivalry of opposing faculties. How this current of intellectual interest has stirred the students of St. Michael's and drawn forth the best that was in her, we propose to relate.

When Messrs. Rush and Markle won, by virtue of superior merit, the right to represent the college in the realm of fiery argument, it was not without the keenest of opposition from men of whom we are certain of hearing in the future. At the conclusion of the oratorical contest held in November, in the Club-room of the college, The Reverend Father Pageau, speaking on behalf of the judges' committee, said, in part: "It has been very difficult for us to select, from a field of such meritorious effort, two contestants who surpass the rest in any appreciable degree." He then instanced Mr. Dermody's oration on our native land, Mr. McNab's remarkably smooth disquisition upon our mighty navy, and Mr. Murphy's "Apologia" for our university life.

A feature of the evening was the exceptionally fine decla-

mation of Mr. Nealon, but, owing to his unfortunate choice of a subject which had a most peculiar effect on the audience, he was obliged to relinquish his place in the contest.

Other candidates for honours were Messrs. Ryan, Shinnick, O'Brien and Lenahan, whose speeches were characteristically excellent. So great was the suspense evinced by the various candidates and their supporters, that the return of the judges' committee was hailed with enthusiastic acclaim. Mr. L. Markle won the first prize, donated by Mr. McManamy, and Mr. Rush took the second prize, donated by Mr. McDonagh. The subjects chosen by the winners were, respectively, "The New Wage Level," and "Trusts and Combines." The large attendance showed the interest taken in this contest by the students.

And now a new phase of our debating activities was ushered in, when the feminine portion of St. Michael's debated against University College in the Ladies' Debating Union. Owing to an unfortunate mistake in the meaning of the rather poorly worded resolution, however, each team conducted a one-sided debate of its own. On general merit the decision was awarded to University College.

In the I. C. D. U. our good fortune was entirely unusual. In the first series, Osgoode Hall defaulted and we were advanced a step toward the final goal. Thus it came about that the first battle in the campaign was in reality a semi-final. On Friday, December the eighth, St. Michael's, represented by a small army of invaders who made up in en-

thusiasm what they lacked in numbers, carried the war into Trinity's territory. A splendid musical programme was provided and all present were in a happy frame of mind when Mr. Ryder, of Trinity, opened for the affirmative. With that ease of style acquired from long practise, he launched forth into a brilliant eulogy of trust magnates. When he had concluded his speech these latter gentry had acquired golden halos and were almost fit for beatification. Had it not been for Mr. Markle, the judges and the audience in general would have placidly agreed on the spot, but this argumentative gentleman was the fly in Trinity's ointment. Impatient from his long suspense, he sprang to his feet and, without further ado, plunged into a scathing indictment of those modern oppressors, the "Bag Barons." After having related and proven their numerous shortcomings and evil-doings, he proceeded to assault the buttress of defence erected by the affirmative leader. Under the cold search-light of Mr. Markle's remorseless logic, refutation followed refutation in such a rapid and decisive manner that, when the smoke of battle had cleared away, only one fact remained unshattered, the soundness of the negative attack.

The remaining representative of the affirmative arose and began a reply. With splendid rhetoric he endeavoured

to reconstruct his broken lines and place the trusts and combines in such an impregnable position that no further assaults could reach them. His success in this respect was remarked upon by the judges at the conclusion of the debate.

Mr. Leonard Rush was the last speaker of the evening and the audience was quite unprepared for what proved to be the treat of the evening. Beginning quietly and with no ostentation, he continued with such a smooth and unanswerable impeachment of trusts and combines that his hearers were willingly carried along with him and were genuinely sorry when he returned to his seat.

After the rebuttal by the leader of the affirmative, the judges retired and the Trinity men entertained the visitors with songs and parodies prepared especially for the occasion. However, even this excellent diversion could not relieve the audience from their suspense and, needless to say, a hearty "Hoikety-Choik" greeted the glad tidings that St. Michael's had won.

The support that the student body has given her teams in the past has been a credit to St. Michael's, but that her debaters do not need this evidence of good-will to return victorious, was manifested during the past season.

J. A. McD., '17.





THE DEBATERS



SODALITY EXECUTIVE

SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Spiritual Director—REV. FR. MUCKLE, C.S.B.

Prefect—J. L. McBRIDE.

IN 1563 there lived in Rome, in the Society of Jesus, a young Belgian, named Jean Leon. In the Roman College he had charge of the lowest grammar class, where he devoted himself more to forming the hearts than cultivating the minds of his pupils. Believing that devotion to the Blessed Virgin was a very efficacious means of preserving innocence, the young professor from time to time assembled the more fervent of his disciples to exhort them to devotion to Mary and to teach them to render themselves worthy of her love. They erected an oratory where general prayers, edifying reading and other practices of devotion were held, in honour of the Mother of God.

The fruits which these pious pupils gathered from their frequent meetings and the odor of sanctity which they spread in the college drew the attention of the rector and superior of the order. He spoke on the subject to Gregory XIII., and the pope, touched by the happy results of the pupils' piety, granted them official recognition under the title of the Annunciation of Our Lady. To this new-formed confraternity he granted many rich indulgences with the right to affiliate with similar associations which might be established in other colleges.

Realizing the many advantages of a society of this kind

in a Catholic college, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin was instituted by the Fathers of St. Michael's College at a date practically identical with the founding of the college. The society is affiliated with that of the Annunciation of Our Lady and participates in its many indulgences and favours.

As in former years, the year '16-'17 has been a prosperous one for the Sodality. The membership of the Senior Sodality is composed of the students of the Philosophers' Flat only, and these young men have shown by their exemplary and edifying conduct that they have truly realized the duties contracted by their entrance into the confraternity. They have been especially faithful in their attendance at the weekly conferences and have displayed great interest and zeal in the welfare of the Sodality.

Reverend Father Muckle, spiritual director for the year, has earned the gratitude of all the sodalists by his interesting and instructional talks at the weekly meetings. Thanks to his untiring efforts, the number of daily communicants has been greatly increased during the past few months.

Let us hope that the passing years shall ever see the same spirit of devotion amongst the sodalists as has been manifested in the past.

J. L. McB., '17.



THE CHOIR

ATHLETICS



ATHLETIC REVIEW

ONCE a part of college life merely tolerated by the faculty and regarded as a necessary evil which was nevertheless a serious detriment to study, athletics have been in recent years recognized to such an extent that their acceptance as a compulsory part of the college training is now but a matter of time. It is not surprising. No one wants to say that the amount of Latin and Greek which can be assimilated in a four-year course is the object of a college training. A liberal training of both mind and body is a broad statement of its real object, and the important part which athletics play in the development of both is too obvious to be in need of emphasis.

Granted that athletics are important to the ordinary university or college, it is at once apparent that they are almost necessary to a resident college like St. Michael's, where the intercourse of the students with the outside world is so very limited. They are a little world in themselves, and their social activities take the form of a keen and wholesome interest in every game which it is possible for them to play.

That is the reason why St. Michael's prominence in the athletics of the Province, and even the Dominion, has from the first been out of proportion to the numbers of her students. They have always been known as keen sportsmen and clean fellows who played the game for all it was worth, and her numerous triumphs were never begrudged her. In common with other institutions, the war has brought her temporarily to a stand-still as far as public achievement is

concerned, but the very walls of the school are imbued with the spirit of the old-time students, and when the world has resumed its normal aspect, St. Michael's will be ready to take her place again in the front ranks of amateur sports.

In the early days of the college, lacrosse and cricket played an important part in the games of the students, and St. Michael's became noted for her fielders and bowlers. In more recent years both games have died out. Cricket is never played, and only occasionally are the lacrosse sticks seen on the athletic field. Close behind these two premier sports followed "hare and hounds," and then handball. The latter game never lost its popularity, and to-day stands unrivalled as the chief recreation of the greatest number of students. In the old days, some of the most famous players in the history of the sport were produced, and according to the older enthusiasts, our modern efforts are almost puny when compared with the mighty prowess of the "good old days," when the hard-centred leather ball was used. Be that as it may, St. Michael's in recent years has shown by a striking predilection towards maintaining a "stranglehold" on the handball cup, that she has retained at least the spirit of her former gladiators.

Contemporaneous with the introduction of handball was soccer. In a few years the Intercollegiate Soccer Cup stood within our walls, but now the game has gone the way of cricket, and is known no longer. Basket-ball and base-ball then came into vogue through the influence of the American



THE ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

students who were attending in increasing numbers, and it was not long until "St. Michael's" and "Baseball" were terms almost synonymous. The game was introduced into Canada by St. Michael's, and she was supreme in the field for many years. In 1906 the zenith of her fame was reached when she defeated the winners of the International (then Eastern) League Pennant. Some of her graduates afterwards became famous on the professional diamonds of the United States and Canada.

Again, with the trend of the times, St. Michael's took up the great Canadian winter game and, as in every other line of sports, she was extremely successful. Even now reminiscences are often heard, at the hockey matches, of the wonderful games in which the college seven engaged, of the bitterly contested struggles with the Stratford, Parkdale and Simcoe clubs, and of her triumphant graduation into senior hockey. Some of her old rivals followed her into the new ranks and the old feuds were renewed. At first St. Michael's was unconquerable. She captured the senior cup and defeated Queen's University in a contest for the possession of the Allan cup, emblematic of the world's championship. After a tour through the States her team returned without having sustained a single defeat. As time went on and she lost some of her phenomenal players, her victories became more scattered, but she never lost her large following of well-wishers, who shared alike her successes and defeats.

As in baseball, St. Michael's was the pioneer in Canada of the great college game, football. To one of her earlier students belongs the honour of having made the first football used in Canada. At first the game was played after the fashion of England's "old Rugby," where any number

of players were divided into two equal groups and the object of the game was to place the ball behind the opponents' goal in any way possible. From this nucleus the modern game was gradually evolved. Rules appeared, defining the number of men and the different tactics which were permitted to be used, and before long other teams sprang up who contested with St. Michael's the football supremacy. After the game became organized, St. Michael's annexed the pennant emblematic of the junior championship of Canada. The game in those days called forth some titanic struggles, and reminiscences of former students give a vivid picture of the intense manner in which they followed out the game as a matter of life and death.

Paralleling the career of the hockey team, St. Michael's junior champions entered into senior rugby. Although in their two years in the senior O.R.F.U. they failed to win the championship, they played in some of the most sensational games ever recorded, and the other teams in their hard-won victories carried off little more honour than the sportsmenlike boys of St. Michael's. After a lapse of time, during which teams were placed in various associations, they won the intermediate Intercollegiate Cup twice, and ultimately carried off the title of Intermediate Champions of Canada.

With the growth of the college, the burden of carrying on the cumbersome management of athletics increased, and an attempt was made to ease the load from the shoulders of the few public-spirited students who had carried it. The result was the formation of the St. Michael's College Athletic Executive, which gives adequate representation to both students and faculty in the carrying on of affairs. Credit is due this executive for the way in which they have developed in recent years the love of sport among the students.

FOOTBALL

W. L. Murray	S. Nicholson
M. Gonter	A. Lellis
W. M. Gonter	J. O'Flaherty
H. S. Bellisle	A. Malone
J. Sheridan	B. Doyle
P. Costello	E. Broderick
J. Canfield	V. Killen
J. O'Connor	H. Beck
T. M. Mulligan	K. Corkery
L. Gorman	P. Maloney
S. Reaume	M. Nealon
C. E. Coughlin	C. McTague
P. Quinn	D. Donovan
B. J. Holland	A. Hogan
E. J. McCorkell	W. Harris
C. McNeil	L. Troy
H. Andrews	F. Hickey
J. McReavy	M. Brick
H. Wilkin	J. Creamer
G. Lareau	K. Kraus
N. McCormick	T. Forestell
F. Roach	H. Colgan
J. Ryan	C. Feeney
Thos. Kelly	A. V. Traynor
J. B. Collins	J. A. O'Brien
A. A. Brown	E. X. Montague

The WEARERS *of the*



1909-1916

HOCKEY

P. Spratt	G. Servais
J. Spratt	C. Sullivan
G. J. Kirby	C. O'Neil
H. Bellisle	W. Hamilton
L. Gorman	E. Bunyan
G. J. Culliton	F. Doyle

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HANDBALL

D. J. O'Connor	G. J. Kirby
M. Gonter	G. I. Fitzpatrick
H. S. Bellisle	J. E. Tansey
H. F. Gonter	L. P. Woods
C. E. Coughlin	J. A. McDonagh
V. C. Quarry	

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TRACK

M. S. O'Brien	L. A. Markle
F. A. McKenna	T. F. Forestell
J. B. Morrissey	

THE FIRST RUGBY TEAM

EARLY in the fall our hopes of regaining the glory of other years in the realm of footfall ran high. Traynor, the punter of last year's team was back again and was punting farther than ever. In addition to our sensational ground-gainers, Montague and Nunan, several other veterans of the Firsts, in the persons of Collins, Malloy, O'Brien, Dillon, and Harry Brown had returned. And, to fill up the gaps, many of last year's scrubs were available.

Under the able coaching of Ab. Brown, of the famous Dominion Intermediate Champions, the old fighting spirit was rapidly infused into the team and every evening, at four o'clock, the campus was the scene of a fierce battle between the firsts and the would-be firsts, otherwise known as the scrubs, or seconds.

Soon it was seen that we had a most efficient team, whose only fault was the usual St. Mike's failing, that is, it was too light. The average weight of the players was only one hundred and thirty pounds and the average age was nineteen. This was, in a measure, counterbalanced by the speed and aggressiveness of the team and we looked forward to our first game with confidence. We had been grouped with Senior Medicine and Senior School of Science, the fastest group of the series, and it was quite evident that the winners of this district would easily capture the Mulock Cup.

THE FIRST MED.'S GAME.

Soon after the first whistle, Collins tore off forty yards and a minute later, went over for a touch. Meds scored

their only point on a rouge shortly after. A Meds man fumbled a punt and Ford fell on the loose ball for a touch, which was converted, thus making the score 11-1. In the next quarter, Blaney made another fumble and Fallon secured it for another touch. The first half of the game ended with the score 16-1. After the beginning of the last half, Traynor kicked to the dead-line and another point was placed to our credit for a rouge. The last quarter was played in semi-darkness and the players could hardly see the ball. In the last few minutes of play, another point was secured on a rouge and the game ended with the score standing at 19-1.

The stellar playing of every one, the bucking of Collins, the running of Montague and Traynor's kicking, were the features of this game.

THE FIRST SCHOOL GAME.

School of Science presented a very strong team, extremely heavy and including, besides many other stars, Charlie Gage, of Inter-Collegiate fame. Collins had retired from our team removing the last semblance of weight from our line-up. Grace was moved from the scrimmage to take his place and Tom Traynor, the pick of the seconds, filled the gap in the scrimmage.

Shortly after the start of the game, Nunan was forced back over his own line for a safety-touch. "Vic." Traynor kicked to the dead-line for our first point, but was later forced to rouge on a punt from Smithson, making the score at the end of the first quarter 3-2 in School's favor.



THE FIRST TEAM

St. Mike's now began to force the play. Nunan intercepted a long pass and broke away for forty yards. An offside gave us five more yards and this brought the play to School's ten-yard line. On the second down "Six" Flanagan broke through the centre for a try, which was not converted. Later, when School blocked a kick and the ball rolled back over St. Mike's line, there was a mad scramble for the pig-skin, but Traynor saved a touch by kicking the ball back to his own dead-line. Thus the score stood at 6-4 for St. Mike's at half-time.

The break came in the third quarter and Montague began the period by running twenty-five yards for a touch, which was converted. Harris, of School, secured the ball in a scrimmage and romped over the line for a touch, making it 12-9. School made a desperate attempt to come back in the last quarter, but it was of no avail. Traynor kicked to the dead-line for two more points, making the final score 14-9.

"Art" O'Brien and Montague were the shining lights of this contest, although the rest of the team played almost equally as well.

THE SECOND SCHOOL GAME.

Our next game was with School again. But, in the meantime, Meds had collected an all-star aggregation and had defeated School, thus putting them out of the running for group honours. In consequence of this, their line-up was somewhat weakened, both Gage and Smithson being absent. St. Mike's completely outplayed them and piled up a score of twenty points to their opponents' zero. "Monty" secured two touches and "Rusty" Gordon, one. Remaining points were made by Traynor in kicks to the deadline.

School then defaulted their remaining game to Meds, thus giving the latter team two wins and one loss. As matters stood, if St. Mike's won the following game with Meds, they would win the group, and, if they lost, the group would result in a tie.

THE SECOND MED.'S GAME.

Meds returned to the scene of conflict with a considerably strengthened team. With "Muckle" McLean and Hayes on the back-line and many other changes on the forward line, they presented a very serious front to our light team. The field was very wet and slippery and St. Mike's were unable to get started. The soggy ground suited our opponents' heavy line, however, and they broke away repeatedly. Although dangerous at times, St. Mike's were unable to gain the desired points and the game ended, 7-2, in favour of Meds, thus tying up the group.

After this defeat the fighting spirit of the team was raised to the highest pitch. Collins, who had not played since the first game, donned a uniform again and took his old position at inside wing. Unfortunately, however, in a mix-up with the scrubs, Montague sustained injuries of such a grievous character that he was unable to play. The whole college was in suspense and hoped for hard ground.

THE THIRD MED.'S GAME.

The Stadium grounds were hard and fast and during the first half St. Mike's out-played their opponents from the start. Meds were unable to gain a yard, but, on the other hand, Collins was the only competent buckler on the field.

Our first point was scored when Traynor kicked to McLean, who was forced to rouge. Meds then scrimmaged the

ball on their own twenty-five yard line and lost it after failing to make yards. Traynor again booted to the dead-line and it began to look like a kicking game, with nothing for us to do but watch the scores pile up. Meds began to show a little more form, however, and pressed us hard. Twice Traynor saved the situation by booting the ball out of the dangerous zone, and only the alertness of a few of the more experienced players kept our touch-line inviolate. However, in the second quarter the play reached normal again and St. Mike's made their yards repeatedly, although failing to score.

At half-time the score was 2-0, and the college supporters were jubilant in the absolute certainty of an easy victory. For, as a general rule, the last half is St. Michael's half. Then the results of long and arduous training come to light and the weaker team buckles under the strain.

Time was called and the game proceeded with no appreciable change in the play. But, with the third quarter the breaks began. McLean followed up a punt from Hayes and secured the ball on our eight yard line. Through an oversight on the part of the referee, this play, which was in reality an off-side, was allowed. The suspense was overwhelming. Could our light team hold the heavy Meds for three bucks? Twice they plunged forward and twice were downed without having made five yards. Then Blaney, star line-plunger for Meds, was called into service. At the conclusion of this buck, twenty-eight men were tangled in one large heap on our touch-line, and, after the mass of arms, legs and other members was finally cleared away, the ball was found to be barely over the line.

With redoubled efforts our little team returned to the

fray. After gaining possession of the ball on a fumble, Nunan ran for twenty yards, thus bringing us within striking distance of Meds' goal-line and Traynor kicked to the dead-line for what proved to be our last score.

In the last quarter, with the score, 5-3, against us, our team fought to the last ditch but we were unable to get a single score. Meds held well and we could not buck them for yards. Shortly before full-time, Bentley, of Meds, gathered in a loose ball and carried the play within our twenty-yard line. Blaney again tore off a run and placed the ball behind our line. The game ended and with it went our chances of winning the Mulock Cup for another year. We are pleased to say, however, that our opponents succeeded in capturing the Cup after defeating the winners of the other groups.

But if our team did not succeed in adding another Cup to our already extensive collection of silverware, it accomplished something of far greater moment. For, since the prohibition of all extra-mural sports by the University authorities, every college in the union must confess to a deplorable loss in that intangible, but nevertheless essential, asset, "College Spirit." And what this year's rugby team has done to revivify this waning sentiment in our own college has been ample consolation for the loss of the championship.

J. P. M., '17.

THE LINE-UP.

Half-backs, H. Brown, V. Traynor, G. Nunan; quarter, Flanagan; scrummage, Fallon, T. Traynor, Malloy; insides, Dillon, Gordon; middles, Grace, Montague; outsides, Ford, Sheehy; flying wing, O'Brien; spares, Murphy, McIntosh, Campeau; coach, A. A. Brown; manager, J. J. Barker.



THE SECOND TEAM

SECOND RUGBY TEAM

WE know of no other example of the spirit of self-sacrifice so eloquent in its appeal as that displayed by the students who go to make up the Second Rugby Team. Night after night these modern disciples of Leonides line themselves up against the powerful Firsts to be battered about for the betterment of the senior team. They have absolutely no reward in sight and only on occasion when, through the tardy action of the executive they are given a trip to some neighboring town, do they receive any. So, long life to the Scrubs! May they endure until they themselves are the Firsts.

Of course there is always the chance of an opportunity for "pinch-hitting" for some of the First Team men and thus breaking into the Big League. In this respect the Scrubs were rather fortunate during the past season. "Tom" Traynor, after filling a temporary vacancy in the senior line-up, was retained as a regular player, and O'Neill, Captain Bert Morrissey, and others, substituted in a great number of games.

We must earnestly congratulate the remaining members of the team—firstly, on the class of rugby that they maintained throughout the season and, secondly, for the stubborn resistance with which they withstood the tricks, fakes and plunges of the Seniors. The courage and fortitude of these players who endure this gruelling contest for hours each week, with no particular honour or recompense save

the pleasure of watching the College Team rip through the lines of opposing teams, as a result of their practice, is something worthy of the highest praise.

Ford to the right of them,
"Art" to the left of them,
Ab. Brown behind them,
They volleyed and thundered.
Right through the line they broke,
Unchecked by "Rusty's" "smoke";
All the boys wondered.
How do they hold that line?
Why don't they get O'Brien?
"Signals! Six-hundred!"
Honor their fighting keen!
Honor the Second Team!
Give them a "sleep-in."

Only one game was played with an outside team during the past season. The heavy Parkdale squad succeeded in maintaining a slight lead in a closely contested game.

The line-up: Half-backs, O'Loane, Goulet, Robbins; Insides, Shannon, McArthur; Scrimmage, Shanahan, McGee, McCrae; Middles, McIntosh, Gillies; Quarter, S. Brown; Outsides, Kénalley, Rutherford; Flying wing, Morrissey. Manager, W. McGee. Captain, J. B. Morrissey.

W. McG.

NOW that the Rugby season is safely over and all danger of contradiction, "de facto," is past, we may state with impunity that, were it not for the narrow view-point adopted by the athletic executive, we would be appearing in these pages as the second team. To realize the truth of this statement you need only to watch the expression on the face of a second team player as he first catches sight of the picture on the preceding page. If a guilty flush does not mount to the roots of his hair, you may take it that long years of practice in hypocrisy have produced in him a state of mind akin to that of the honourable leader of the Independent Party, as he convincingly declaims, "Of the students, for the students, by the students."

Time and again we have utterly vanquished these "Might-have-beens." Our extraordinary collection of trick plays, coupled with the clever individual work of our stars, have even made us a cause of fear in the hearts of the doughty Firsts. The meteor-like bucks of Andy Anderson merited for him a position on the renowned "Irish Seconds." McDougall's "head-work" has proclaimed him as the only logical successor to the present senior coach. But, in spite of this amazing collection of indisputable facts, we have been subordinated to a team which is inferior to us in every branch of footballistics.

However, the truth will be revealed when the time comes for choosing the players to fill the gaps in next year's first team. Keep our photograph in your mind's eye, and, when the next edition of this publication reaches you, take a look at the first team picture and you will see merely a reproduction of this year's thirds.

THIRD RUGBY TEAM



Manager—Father Muckle.
Half-backs—McCrea, Lee.
Quarter—McDougall.
Scrimmage—Farrell, McCusker,
Tierney.

Captain—C. McDougall.
Flying wings—Casey, Bulger.
Insides—Shannon, Anderson.
Middles—McDonald, Hawkins.
Outsides—Labelle, O'Neil.

BASEBALL

THE baseball season at St. Michael's is necessarily short on account of the early closing of the Arts department. Nevertheless, during the last two years we have lived up to our reputation as one of the best exponents of the game in the City of Toronto. The spring of '15 was the most successful in many years. During that season we defeated some of the fastest senior teams in the city, winning eight games with but a single loss.

Our first game was with St. Paul's, of the Don Valley League, whom we defeated, after a strenuous battle, by three runs in a 10-7 game. On the following Saturday, St. Mary's, of the Toronto Senior League, yielded to our superior force in an 11-5 game. St. Patrick's, city champions, and Post Office, of the Civil Service League, were next in line for defeat. St. Patrick's took the short end of a 10-8 score, and we succeeded in "goose-egging" the Post Office, 5-0.

After a great pitchers' battle, the Eatonias, champions of the Don Valley League, were conquered, 5-2. St. Patrick's, aching from their former defeat, again tried conclusions with us. They were at full strength, with Anderson, their star pitcher, on the mound, but St. Michael's pounded them hard and won, 8-5. We played the Royal Edwards, of the Dovercourt League, on the following Saturday, and defeated them, 6-5, in the tenth innings. The Royals started off by scoring four runs in the first innings, but after that the superb pitching of our twirler

rendered them helpless. We also defeated them in another ten-inning game on the following Wednesday, when Lynch, pitching his initial game, held them safe.

We then journeyed to Guelph, where, without a pitcher, we were defeated, 6-4, thus sustaining our first and only defeat of the season. This game closed one of the most successful seasons in the history of baseball at St. Michael's. Canfield, McTague, Ryan and Woods continued through the season with St. Paul's, of the Don Valley League.

In 1916, with only two members of the previous team left, we nevertheless maintained our good record. The season was very wet and cold and thus we were unable to play as many games as in former years. We won our first game from St. Mary's, 11-2, with Lynch on the mound. The Eatonias were also humbled in a 7-5 game. The 204th Battalion, with the backbone of the Capitals, semi-pro. champions of Toronto, on their line-up, were defeated, 10-6. We also met the two best semi-pro. teams in the city, the Beaches and the Park Nines. The former, a collection of Canadian Leaguers, defeated us 6-3, but the latter fell heir to a severe trimming, due chiefly to the heavy hitting of Nunan. Our last game was with the 204th Battalion, to whom we forfeited the honours in a closely contested match.

In all we won four games and lost two, a very creditable performance indeed.

L. P. W., '17.



HANDBALL TEAMS

HANDBALL

ONCE more we are enabled to record the fact that the handball team successfully defended the cup, and, what is more, did so without sustaining a single defeat. It is worthy of note that only once in the last ten years has the cup been elsewhere than in our possession.

Handball, a product of the Emerald Isle, is considerably underestimated in other colleges, both as a recreation and a means of putting one in good condition. It is a necessary adjunct to all other forms of athletics and it is commonly known that many of our most famous athletes are very proficient in this game. At St. Michael's, however, we go a step farther and cultivate handball as a sport in itself, equalling and in many cases surpassing more elaborate games. It is scientific in the extreme and requires a quickness and dexterity not to be found in the ordinary Rugby or baseball player.

The outlook for handball was never more promising than it was this year. Our "B" team, a veteran aggregation of previous years, remained intact, and the material for the formation of our "A" team was unusually good.

Our greatest difficulty was found in selecting the most efficient men, and we had finally to place five men on the team.

Our first game took place at Victoria College, where the seniors defeated the "Vic" quartette by ten points. On the following day, on our own alleys, the juniors justified the confidence reposed in them by winning by twelve points. An additional victory for the juniors concluded their series. Not to be outdone, the "B" team delivered a decisive trimming to their final opponents, and thus the season ended.

There are three graduates on the senior team this year, but, with the junior team intact, their loss will have no serious effect on our prospects for another successful year. The teams:—

Senior: L. Woods (capt.), L. Markle, J. McDonagh, J. Dillon.

Junior: J. O'Loane (capt.), B. Markle, W. Flanagan, M. Johnstone, C. Dwyer. Manager, J. B. Collins.

L. P. W., '17.



THE IRISH.

Half-backs—McBride, Dermody.

Quarter—Barker.

Scrimmage — O'Brien, Hand, Webster.

Flying wings—O'Shea, Kelly,

Insides—O'Shaughnessy, Tal-
lon.

Middles—Anderson, McKenna.

Outsides—Shannon, Dwyer.

Spare—O'Toole.

THE JEWS.

Half-backs—Dwyer, O'Connor.

Quarter—Ryan.

Scrimmage—Burns, Kelly,
Murtha.

Insides—Purdue, Tierney.

Middles—McCusker, O'Brien.

Outsides—Butler, Keenan.

Flying Wings—Spellman, Bul-
ger.



The Inter-Flat Game

EXTRACT FROM THE "SHILLALAH."

Dec. 4th.—Once more have the sons of ould Erin been trampled underfoot by the unjust laws of this infamous community. On the campus of St. Michael's College, on Saturday last, our representative was moved to tears by the rank partiality evinced by the officials of the game. Not once did one of our brave boys rap a Jew on the dome without being placed on the fence for an indefinite period; not once did they attempt to ram the ball down an opponent's throat without being severely scolded by the referee.

Although our cowardly aggressors were permitted the use of shoe polish and buckets of water, our boys were searched and disarmed before going on the field. As a result, the umpire emerged from the game almost, if not quite, unscathed; a truly lamentable occurrence.

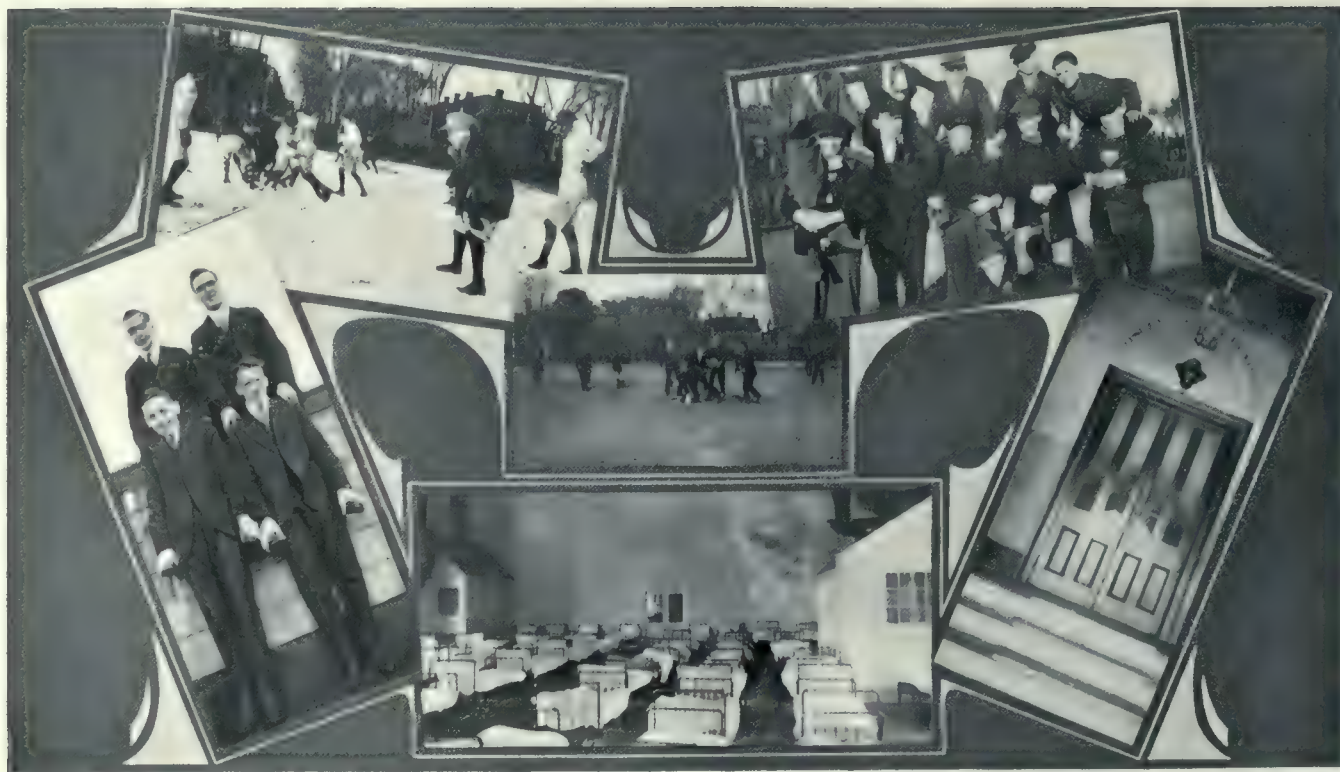
Time and again the Irish bucked for yards. The puny Jewish line was totally unable to stem the fierce tide of our attack. But, whenever we approached the touch-line, under some pretext or other, the referee would rob us of the ball. Under the existing conditions we are quite justified in giving to the Irish as great a mead of praise for tying the score as if they had utterly vanquished the Jews.

EXTRACT FROM THE "YIDDISH YELP."

Dec. 4th.—Yesterday's inter-flat game will always be remembered by us as the grossest piece of injustice ever given to a Jew. Shylock was lucky when compared to us. From the moment the first whistle blew, it could easily be seen that the Jews would certainly not win if Harry Brown, an Irishman, who acted as referee, could possibly help it. By the illegal use of the powers invested in him, this Pharisee saved the Irish from at least three touchdowns.

As there were no yardsticks it was necessary for some one to pace out the yards. This Joe Shanahan proceeded to do with considerable advantage to the Irish. Art. O'Brien, the timekeeper, another Irishman, was detected in the act of pressing the stop-watch on several occasions. This was especially noticeable in the last quarter when the Irish had possession of the ball.

So far this account seems to be an attempt at an alibi, an excuse for losing the game. But such is not the case. The noble sons of Israel struggled bravely against these overwhelming odds and held their opponents to a tie in a game which, under ordinary circumstances, they would have won with ease.



Choosing Journalism as a Career

"TWO men were once walking down the street," I said to my friend, the Editor of the Year Book. "One of them was a reporter, and the other didn't have any money either." I was going to continue with my story, but he interrupted me. He said that as an old student, and as a journalist, nothing could be more appropriate than for me to write a few words on the subject of Journalism for the Year Book. He said that he had wanted something on that very topic; he said that I was the man to write it. There were many more things he said, but I forget them. Far be it from me to bestow any spontaneous tributes on the man who let me in for what I am about to do, but I am compelled to admit that he talked me into a daze, and led me, an unwitting victim, into promising something which I had sworn never to do.

For the "come in, the water's fine" attitude was never mine. Ever since a convincing newspaper friend succeeded in persuading me that my life would be a vain, empty existence unless I joined the ranks of the happy, care-free, brilliant throng immediately on leaving college, I have looked askance at any man who assumes a Horace Greeley pose and murmurs advice usually much more disastrous than "Go West, young man."

I cannot, therefore, advise. I can merely attempt to exercise my newspaper-born gift of writing a great deal and really saying very little, hoping that the reader will go away in a frame of mind strictly neutral, like the male

portion of the audience at a recruiting meeting. I will begin by saying this—whatever you do, do not take up newspaper work as a career. Do not. Go in for something profitable. Be a bank clerk, a priest, a school teacher, a church mouse, or one of those notoriously remunerative professions. I once knew a man who made a profitable living by imaginative writing, but they gave him twenty years for it when they finally caught him cashing one of his works.

The budding journalist invariably begins as a reporter. He would have much less trouble getting a job as a cabinet minister, and the ultimate result would be more to his advantage, but if he is persistent enough, he finally lands his position. That is how they make the preliminary test on the prospective journalist to see if he is a fit subject for the City Editor to take in hand—or rather hands, for he uses both, and all the bad words he knows. If the P. J. shows himself ninety per cent. more persistent than a professional bill collector, and infinitely more aggressive, he is considered to have made a good beginning, and is generally taken on the staff. Then his troubles begin.

They call it a salary, meaning thereby to be witty. I have known college graduates to begin on six dollars a week and what they could graft on carfare. I myself began on nothing and the privilege of charging the office ten cents for a street car ride, but that was between the City Editor and me, and was a very unusual case. There is a

popular fable to the effect, current in New York and elsewhere, that the "cub" reporter begins on fifteen dollars a week, but that story must have been started by the cub reporters. It has gained such circulation that it has even worked itself into the annual report of the Columbia School of Journalism, but that, after all, is not surprising—the water's fine.

The P. J., when he has recovered from his first shock, finds his troubles just beginning. He reports for duty on his first day with a cheerful face, not knowing that he is just entering on the "breaking in" process. They call it that, the term being borrowed, I believe, from the far west, where a system somewhat similar, although slightly easier on the subject, used to be in vogue in the training of untutored horses. He learns, in the next few weeks, how little he knows, and how much he has to learn. The best reporters find it the hardest, for they usually have perception enough to see all the fine points of the treatment, and to realize that time alone will bring them to a fair state of perfection. This naturally makes them impatient. The duller wit finds it easier, but he seldom gets very far in the newspaper game. His obtuseness makes him think that he is getting along nicely, and that is about his level for the rest of his career. He gets along—nicely.

The hardest thing on the new reporter is the utter lack of sympathy he finds in his new world. It is all part of the training, but he does not know that. The City Editor pretends to think that his new man knows everything about the business, and seldom condescends to explain anything.

If he sends him to a fire, it is not his custom to draw a diagram of the usual procedure for a reporter at a fire and hand it to the cub with full instructions. He says, "There's a fire; go get it." Sometimes he tells him where the fire is, but it is considered good form to let the reporter find that out for himself. He is not told that he may have a difficult time getting past the police lines to the scene of the fire, but if he comes back to the office and says that the police would not let him through, they know that he is not a good reporter. Since it is his first day at the work, he generally does not know that in addition to a spirited description of the raging flames and the volumes of black smoke pouring up into the clear sky as the monster of destruction eats his way through the massive building (which is the way he will describe it, if he has any ambition), he will be expected to know how much the building was worth, how much of it was covered by insurance, and how much damage was done. He also must find out how the fire started, and, if nobody knows, advance a theory of his own. If he finds some way of criticizing the fire department for their inefficient method of putting out the fire, he may be considered to have done a good job.

He seldom knows all these things, however, and his supreme presumption in ever considering himself worthy of entering a newspaper office is carefully pointed out to him when he returns. Similar trouble come every day, and before long he begins to think that perhaps the City Editor was right, which is the first and last time in his career that he will ever think so, unless he becomes one himself, some

day. He eventually turns into a reporter, eventually being the one word in this connection, for the newspaper game is above all a business where ability can never cover the lack of a thorough training over the bumps and through the mill. If he lasts at all, he will be a real reporter, because the early training is quite sufficient to eliminate any misfits, of which the newspaper game gets an undue proportion, owing to the unfortunate glamor which has been thrown over it by a process similar to that which has made the stage the mecca of so many unfortunates.

After the P. J. has become a good reporter, his future is problematical, depending almost entirely on his ability and to a small extent on his opportunities. Some remain reporters all their lives, largely owing to their inability to be anything better. Others remain so from choice and because they are reporters extraordinary. They get good money, although not commensurate with the work they do, and like the life well enough to be happy. Some turn into editors, and some write books, and some write plays, and many write for the magazines, and a few become great correspond-

ents. It would be hard to catalogue all the things the more successful ones do, and futile, anyway, because it is held by some that there are no successful ones. Since you are to be strictly neutral when you finish reading this, it is out of place to express my opinion on the matter. Frankly, I am neutral, too.

The life is not all hard knocks. The lure of the free theatre ticket and an occasional free banquet, where the reporter writes industriously and out of the tail of his eye watches the various courses pass on their way, do not count for much. It is more the love of a good game which makes the saying so true, "Once a newspaper man, always a newspaper man." Of all bromides, that is probably the truest. It also sums up very nicely one of the hard things about it—you may be sick and tired, and you may want to get out, but you have been spoiled for any profitable profession. You stick to the game which is different, because the attitude of the "Fourth Estate" has grown upon you, and you look upon business men and professional men with curiosity, but with little real envy.

L. F. K.



Historical Sketch

FOUNDED in 1852 by the energetic Doctor De Charbonnel, Bishop of Toronto, St. Michael's College passed its early years in the shadow of the old Cathedral, under the management of its able director, the Very Rev. Father Soulerin, C.S.B., V.G. In 1854 the Basilian Fathers transferred the home of their labours to the present site, generously donated by the Hon. John Elmsley, the champion of Catholic interests in the early days of Toronto.

The important part taken by the College in Canadian education, even at that date, may be seen from an extract from *The Catholic Citizen* of 1855: "We congratulate the authorities of St. Michael's College on the rapid strides that they have made during the past year towards that high success which must, in a few years, crown their efforts in the cause of Catholic education. The fate of Catholic youth of Western Canada has been committed to their care and they have guarded the sacred trust with zealous watchfulness."

For a number of years St. Michael's was granted state aid, in common with other colleges of the Province. This came to an end, however, when the Legislature of Ontario decided that no financial assistance should thereafter be given to denominational institutions, and that the University of Toronto be supported as the one Provincial centre of education.

In the meantime, the College continued to advance in keeping with the rapid growth of Upper Canada, and when, in 1881, Toronto University assumed broader lines, St. Michael's was in a position to obtain affiliation in the Theological Faculty. With the passage of the University Federation Act, in 1887, the Arts Faculty of Toronto University was divided between the University and University College, and provision was made by which denominational colleges, entering into federation, might, upon surrendering their degree-conferring powers, undertake similar work to that done in the Provincial University College. St. Michael's was the first to accept the terms of this arrangement, so as to enable the passage of the Act.

Since the purpose of St. Michael's College was, at that time, to give a liberal education, as the Church understands the term, and especially to meet the needs of students preparing for the theological seminary, it was apparent that such University connection could not be other than experimental. As time went on, it became quite evident that the experiment must end in failure. St. Michael's drifted more and more away from participation in University connection, until she finally severed herself completely. In this state she remained until eleven years ago, when, with all the energy at their command, the College authorities began the task of reorganizing the system so as to enable Catholic young men to take full advantage



THE COLLEGE OF ST. MICHAEL, TORONTO

Extract from the "Catholic Citizen," Toronto, Canada West, August 16th, 1855.

"We are happy to lay before our Catholic readers a view which will not fail, we trust, to interest them—it is that of the new College of St. Michael, already commenced in this city. This edifice, of a style new, as yet, in this country, is situated in one of the most delightful localities in the vicinity of the city. It is sufficiently removed from the city to be

free from its turmoil and bustle, and yet near enough to enjoy the advantages of its vicinity. The new establishment, surrounded by groves of cooling and delightful shade, seems to unite the most favourable advantages of a college—a pure atmosphere, the calmness of solitude, the charms of the country, and convenience of the city."

of all the opportunities of the state-endowed University and, at the same time, of a purely Catholic training.

The final step was made on November 14th, 1907, and St. Michael's took her fitting place as an integral and yet truly Catholic college of the Provincial University.

The success of the arrangement was immediately evident. The growth of the student body and the development of the student life was unparalleled in the history of the College. The small graduating class of 1910 was the first to receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts from the University of Toronto, and ever since the number has been slowly but steadily increasing. The students, men and women, enrolled in First Arts alone, number, this year, approximately eighty.

Thus it is difficult to conjecture what the growth of the next decade will be. This much seems clear, that the Catholics of the Province are beginning to realize the position of the Catholic College of the University. As soon as they come to know this, St. Michael's will have reached her goal.

Her status, in comparison with the great Catholic Universities of the world, is indeed an enviable one. True, she is not a full-fledged university in herself, with the various faculties of medicine, applied sciences, etc. To support such an institution in a predominantly non-Catholic community is obviously impossible. But students in attendance at these faculties are permitted to reside in the College and partake of the numerous advantages of Catholic training. For those registered in Arts, St. Michael's already has full control in teaching and discipline.

This, as far as we know, is a solution of the Catholic higher educational problem, unique the world over.

* * *

Those who make it a practice to peruse carefully the issues of this publication will have noticed something in the foregoing article which we will allow the transient reader to discover for himself. But, after all, this conglomeration of facts and statistics is not what makes history in our interpretation of the term. It is merely the framework of an edifice which, with a little care and diligence, may develop into something beautiful to the eye. The thoughts, the customs, the idiosyncracies of the people who inhabited these halls in the dim past are the things which should catch and hold the attention of even the most "modern" of us. Therein lies the reason for adding these few words of our *own*.

With each passing year, the necessity is borne in upon us, more and more, of fostering an "Historical Sense" in the students who will have charge of the Year Book in future years. For, if action is not taken immediately, the period in the *history* of the College extending back from the date of the first edition of the Year Book, will soon become a closed page. Through negligence, nothing short of criminal, we will have forfeited the precious traditions of the College in its early days. We had hoped to make a start towards rectifying this condition in this issue, but the early publishing of the book rendered such a course of action impossible. We sincerely trust, however, that our successors will accept a timely warning and begin *now* the task of compiling a history which will be a history, in every sense of the word.—The Editor.

THE freshman in the seventies, eighties and nineties made his first visit to the dining-room amid varied forebodings, took his seat with certain dim misgivings and usually sought relief from the mysteriousness of the surroundings in repeated bold glances towards the long table, around which fifteen or twenty were seated in the garb of clerics. There was something irresistible about the scene. That costume he had never beheld but at a distance and always with feelings of awe; it was still distant enough to inspire similar feelings, considerably intensified now in presence of so many so arrayed. Meanwhile there were probably boys on either side ready to point out the greatest musician of the day, the professor who spoke both Greek and Latin more fluently than his native tongue, and the gentleman with grey hair and venerable mien who, notwithstanding a decidedly French accent, was admittedly the first English scholar in Canada. But as his eye glanced along that row of strange faces, every one, no doubt, wonderful in his sphere, it was soon arrested by a most unexpected irregularity. There, near the centre of the table, on the right, sat a figure altogether

MR. HEENAN



unique. He was dressed in civilian clothes. A most distinguished-looking man he was, features regular and firm, large eyes, keenly intelligent, a calm, thoughtful face; a heavy moustache, and always supported by a cane. If then the newcomer were one who claimed to have made excursions in literary fields, he probably enquired, "Whence comes this one, not having on a wedding-garment?" and as surely heard in explanation that the distinguished personage was head of the military school, in affiliation with the College.

But the freshman's interest in this prepossessing figure did not cease there. A further acquaintance—and the further the more so—revealed a personality whose influence there was no escaping, a personality so brilliant, charming, gentle, that all, even the least familiar, acknowledged its spell. Of all who are recorded in the college history of that period there is probably no one so affectionately and universally remembered by students and professors alike. Students recall the finished scholar whose wealth of information no variety of discussion could exhaust, who answered their questions with such point and precision, who discovered so

many lucid, interesting interpretations of what seemed dry and meaningless, whose few words often threw a flood of light on most difficult situations, who said so many clever things in so many clever ways. Members of the staff recall a companion who never grew wearisome, always bright and entertaining, seeing the humorous side of every incident, always ready for a spirited discussion provided the subject could be dismissed within the minimum time-limit, meeting his adversary with logic, wit and inimitable repartee, but not once in a lifetime by a remark that even the most punctilious could resent.

For nearly a quarter of a century Mr. Heenan gave his attention to the departments then known as Belles Lettres and Rhetoric. Saving that class of scholars who come forth as the product of years upon years passed in the calm and leisure of Oxford life, it would be difficult to find another equally conversant with Latin, Greek and English, languages and literatures. Though his reading was always extensive, he had begun in early youth to cultivate a taste for the best works in his native tongue, choice passages of which he was constantly committing to memory. At the same time he had made a special study of the peculiar usages of the language, attended to the niceties of pronunciation with the rarest accuracy—in which, as a teacher, later on, he never overlooked a breach on the part of his pupils. His articulation was clear and ringing; his terms, phrases and characterizations, even in ordinary conversation, were particularly choice and pleasing. His resourcefulness in the latter respect was practically unlimited. A richness of allusion, a ready adaptation of the circumstances recalled to the topic of the moment, a capacity to renew the interest at each change in the trend of the conversation, marked him out as one whose literary attainments could bestow a grace and charm upon occasions, even the most unimportant and unnoticed. The same habits of thought and expression he

naturally brought to the study of the classics. With him Latin and Greek had long ceased to be dead languages. Their poetry, their eloquence, the beauty of their diction, the sweetness of their rhythm, appealed to him as the voices of old friends. He had come to live, so to speak, with the warriors and heroes of classic days and, as long as his health permitted, much of his free time was spent reading, over and over again, the ever-fascinating pages of Virgil, Homer and Horace.

Almost unintentionally I have associated his name with Oxford, beneath whose genial sway it was never his privilege to be transferred even remotely. Nevertheless, the further we carry the comparison, the more it would seem that he unconsciously developed in himself what that far-famed centre of learning and culture lays claim to as peculiarly her own. I remember in our Rhetoric year, a number of us undertook the study of Newman's idea of a university. However much or little of its contents we were capable of assimilating, our attention was certainly arrested by those paragraphs in which, as nowhere else in literature, the author gives a conception of a character every one speaks of familiarly—the ideal gentleman. The standard seemed alarmingly high, much beyond the attainment of every-day mortals like ourselves. "He is one who never inflicts pain; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, merciful towards the absurd; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence." This was a great deal to exact. Had we ever known any one of whom as much could be said? Did we ever expect to know such a one? And, as if by common impulse, it was unanimously agreed that all the above gave an exact description of our professor of Literature.

Years in goodly number have rolled by since. We now speak—those of us who still remain—under the inspiration of grey hairs, varied experience and a wider knowledge of men and things. But on this point our decision has not changed. Nowhere in life have we met anyone who so surely measured up to the standard of Cardinal Newman's gentleman as our teacher in those years.

There is a side to this story extremely pathetic. Mr. Heenan was an invalid from youth, suffering from an indisposition which debarred almost everything that makes life possible for the rest of us. A picture, which must arise in the mind of all, recalls him making his way with the aid of a cane to the class-room every morning and as slowly returning to his study a few hours later. As boys in all the vigor of youth, who worked, played, ate and slept with equal fear of danger and pain, whose time was completely filled and every day far too short, we little realized what those long holiday afternoons must have meant for one who had no relief from the monotony of toil but the same four walls of a little room. Here the long winter weeks and months had to be spent. The return of warmer days in spring allowed the luxury of a seat at the front entry. Such was the variety his state of health allowed. He had all this to suffer, year after year, and, as is generally the case where an infirmity is endlessly prolonged, he had to suffer alone. A great artist, depicting a condition of extreme human misery and sorrow, had written at the foot of the canvas, "No one thinks of it." In the enjoyment of health and prosperity to the full, we can easily forget the dull, weary hours, the unremitting pain, the vain longings for relief, which fill up the days and nights of those in our very midst, even of our dearest friends. And we, too, with all the respect and affection the mention of our teacher's name would call forth, barely stopped to consider the affliction to which an ever-present

malady was subjecting him. Privations of exercise, life in the open air, and change, were necessarily telling on his constitution, leaving a condition more and more aggravated as each succeeding year came and went. There was a rare heroism in the man who after sleepless nights and with digestion so impaired as to put breakfast completely out of the question, never failed to appear at his post, the same smile beaming on his countenance, the same ready humor lighting up what the pupil would often consider a dull, prosaic task.

The strain at length proved too great. During the winter of 1896, Mr. Heenan was at death's door. Physicians spoke of "inanition," "vitality completely gone," "nothing to build on"; to rally was impossible. Rally he did, however, in defiance of all this, but never regaining sufficient strength to allow anything like exertion. He returned to his farm in Jarvis, where for twenty years he has continued an existence, bright, cheery, contented, interesting as ever to his old friends who pay him an occasional visit, but withal, tried by a physical weakness and incapacity which only one of his patient, calm, courageous faith would have found possible to endure.

Twenty years is a long time. In the case of most of us the separation has been complete. Distance, new avocations and life's harrowing struggle have contributed to this. We have not seen him since and, I am sure, his own unaffected modesty never permits him to think how much his memory means to all who, in successive years, followed him to the old Belles Lettres class-room. Yes, all, without a single exception, acknowledge a debt they can never repay. And if, in any way, it would help to brighten his declining years, even at this late hour, we would assure him that no one of his old boys has ever failed to appreciate the privilege it was to spend a year under the inspiration of his manly and kindly voice.

ONE OF THEM.

NEWS ITEMS

For the sake of the Old Boys we are inserting a few news items which, we hope, may serve as an oasis in the comparative desert of articles of purely local interest. As yet we have no systematic method of collecting material for this purpose and, as a result, the items are very few in number. Moreover, those that we have are chiefly concerned with the priests who are or have been at the college. But after all, this is the very topic in which the Old Boys would be most interested. And, furthermore, the changes in the Basilian Colleges—and there have been some important changes this year—and other matters with regard to the Order, is the one line above all where we can claim to have first hand information.

THE EDITOR.

PERHAPS the most important step which the college has made in recent years in regard to its material development was the securing of the property in Queen's Park. It has been decided to build there and move the Arts Department to that site.

At present the house at 25 Queen's Park is occupied by the Scholasticate. Father Purcell and Father Cushing are in charge. All of the students are doing university work. The S. M. C. graduates in residence are: Rev. D. Dillon, deacon; D. Forestall, C. Donovan, J. McGuire and J. Sullivan.

* * *

Messrs. C. McTague, T. Forestell and W. Carr are with the 56th Battery, now at Witley Camp, England. Thomas Gallivan and Leo Troy are with the Canadian Reserve Cyclists, Chiseldon Camp, England.

* * *

From the staff of the college we miss Father Pickett, who is serving as an army chaplain in France. Father Joseph Muckle, M.A., Washington, is a new member this year. He is well known to the old boys of ten years ago.

One of the greatest academic honors to be had fell to one of our old graduates at the last Convocation, when the University of Toronto conferred the degree of LL.D. on the Very Rev. Dean Harris. After the ceremony the Dean was the guest of honor at the graduate dinner at the college. There he grew reminiscent and, in his usual gracious style, touchingly recalled his days at S. M. C. forty years ago. "I feel like one who treads alone. . . ."

* * *

Father H. Bellisle and Father C. Coughlin are at Sandwich this year; Father Paul Costello is in Chatham, N.B. All three received the degree of Master of Arts at the Catholic University last year. Father J. Sheridan and Father E. McCorkell are at Washington.

* * *

During the third week in August the Provincial Chapter, which meets every three years, was in session at the college. Father N. Roche, the retiring Provincial, was made master of novices, and Father Forster, the Superior of Assumption College, is the new Provincial.

During the summer the Irish Christian Brothers, of Cornwall, were stopping at the college while attending a summer course here.

* * *

Many who were with us last year are now studying theology. Mr. John Ryan is at St. Bonaventure's; J. McCarthy, J. Collins and E. Bunyan are at the Grand, Montreal, and H. Ellard, S. Armstrong and J. Corrigan are at St. Augustine's.

* * *

Lieut. T. S. O'Connor, of the C. F. A., who returned from the front in August last to recover from broken health, is now quite fit, and is lecturing at R. M. C., Kingston. He is to give the students of St. Michael's a talk on his experiences at the front in the near future.

* * *

Messrs. J. Bennett and P. L. O'Brien, with their cadet corps of the Catholic High School, Haimlton, made a fine showing in the Sunday World a few weeks ago.

* * *

The Rev. M. Staley has gone overseas as chaplain. Rev. D. A. O'Connor has been appointed to Camp Borden, now transferred to Exhibition Camp.

* * *

Messrs. M. Nealon and H. Payette are at the Faculty of Education, Toronto. J. P. Fahey is attending Faculty at Queen's.

* * *

Rev. Lambert Garvin was ordained priest on December 23rd, at Kingston, by Archbishop Spratt.

Mr. Chas. O'Leary was called to the bar last summer and is now practising in the city.

* * *

Mr. P. J. Maloney, while lecturing at Berkeley, Cal., met with a romance. They are now living at Ottawa, where "Pete" is working at his favorite chemistry in the Government's service.

* * *

Mr. Pardee Quinn dropped in to see us last month. Pardee is quite enthusiastic over Alberta. Naturally, with three quarter-sections and a large wheat crop at the present market.

* * *

Mr. V. Quarry is now on the staff of the Niagara Falls Collegiate.

* * *

A LETTER TO THE SUPERIOR.

December 18, 1916.

The Reverend J. H. Carr,
President, St. Michael's College,
Toronto, Canada.

Dear Father Carr:

In 1904 I left St. Michael's full of thankfulness to God that I had had the happiness of spending four years within its sacred walls. Since then, like most S. M. C. men, I have been working fairly hard, and have been cherishing a hope and purpose to be some day of assistance to the college. And cherishing also a plan, more or less vague, of giving this assistance in some practical shape.

During the past several months this purpose has been growing stronger and stronger, and a plan fairly definite,

although perhaps crude, has been evolved, the merit and practicability of which I am going to submit to you.

I might say that when I entered St. Michael's in 1900 I had a chum there, named James I. Cuff, who spent only a year in St. Michael's. He is now a successful lawyer in New York City, and attributes much of his success to the wholesome, broadening, inspiring influence under which he lived while at S. M. C. I mention him now because we have been close friends from boyhood, and while on a visit to me in Chicago the other day I gave him the outlines of the proposed plan. He seemed enthusiastic over it, and, what is more to the point, said he would support it financially and otherwise.

It may occur to some that the whole scheme is visionary and, at all events, a tedious way of accomplishing the end sought. To these I would say that the great cathedrals of Europe stand as glorious monuments to some visionary Catholics who builded not for a day but for all time—not in feverish haste, but slowly and well. And what is a ten-year period—a breath and it is gone. But who will measure the good that could be accomplished if the plan were inaugurated. What great glory would come to old St. Michael's if some such plan were successful. How many dreams of poor boys would be realized by reason of the endowment fund; how many keen-minded, clean-hearted recruits would be gained for that great army that carries on the work of the world from day to day, work that is hard at all times, but doubly hard if the right education is lacking. And who is there who will not say that God would lend his help to make the plan successful. For one I am sure He would. Right here I might say that there has always been one predominant characteristic of every solid St. Michael's man I have ever met, and that has been his

deep and reverential, unostentatious love for the Blessed Virgin Mary and abiding faith in the power of Her intercession. With her as the patron of the plan, who would doubt of its success.

As something tangible for the furtherance of the plan if it or something similar is approved, I pledge myself to pay at once \$100, and, with God's help, another \$100 annually for the balance of the ten-year period. Mr. Cuff, whose address is 80 Maiden Lane, New York City, authorizes me to pledge him for the same amount. We also pledge ourselves to do everything possible to aid you.

Since the success of the plan, humanly speaking, would depend on the measure of love and gratitude which the sons of St. Michael's have for their Alma Mater, and since we could feel that love and gratitude are as lasting as life itself, and since in these very cases the chances are that God has bestowed a satisfactory measure of prosperity, I believe that the only thing necessary to bring the plan to a successful development is to adopt it at once. If the plan seems to you to have any merit, or if you have some substitute which would answer your purposes better, I should be very glad to hear from you, and I am sure Mr. Cuff would, and I am also reasonably certain that about 98 other St. Michael's men would feel as we do about it.

With kindest personal regards, I am,

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE GANNON.

The above letter is published for the sake of the admirable sentiments it displays. The part withheld delineates a plan which does not require publicity for its accomplishment.—THE EDITOR.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE SCHOOL still occupies the same important position as it has in the past. There are at present enrolled in the school about one hundred and twenty-five students, including resident and day pupils.

The school, which is entirely distinct from the college, consists of three departments: Preparatory, Commercial and High School. Of these the largest and most important is the High School. Its sole object is the preparation of students for the matriculation examination, that is, entrance into the University. The various other examinations for admission into Teachers' Institutes are not attempted.

This specialization has several distinct advantages, one of which is that subjects not necessary for university entrance are eliminated. This condition leaves more time at the disposal of the subjects in hand, and, as a result, the course may be taken in three years instead of the customary four. In addition, students who show sufficient ability are often advanced during the school year. Promotions of this kind invariably have been found successful.

Along with the advantages already mentioned, the school presents a feature of no less importance. It has solved the problem of combining studies and athletics to the mutual benefit of both. The common experience of most High Schools is to the contrary. But here a thorough organization and intelligent supervision have made success in both

particularly remarkable. As a result, a healthy mental and bodily vigor is the outstanding possession of the student body.

G. N.

THIRD ACADEMIC.

Matric. Class, or Third Academic, is the largest class in the school. The number enrolled is forty-six.

In every branch of school activity this form plays a part. On the field of sport this is particularly so. Three of the main-stays of this year's senior rugby team were "Rusty" Gordon, Campeau and Bill Grace. Lowrey held a prominent place on the seconds, while Gordon Thompson was the wily strategist who piloted the Champions of the Juvenile League. On the Jennings Cup Hockey Team, the third form boys are Bob Lowrey and Billy Mulvihill.

The prestige of the class is upheld again in the St. Charles Literary Society. In addition to the form representatives, Edwin Rush and Pete Heffernan, Dick O'Brien, one of our foreign students, has gained fame in the society as the school Demosthenes.

To sum up all its qualities, the Matric. Class of this year is one imbued with a wholesome spirit of humor and good-fellowship, combined with an honest ambition for academic success.

SECOND ACADEMIC.

Second Academic is the class of yesterdays and to-morrows. Yesterday they were but prattling children; to-mor-

row they will be matriculants, with all the significance that is attached to that word.

The present is a critical period of change and development. Here the first pair of "Longs" appears. The light-hearted innocence of youth is being supplanted by the gravity of a more mature development. This is the time when geographical arguments serve as the chief sources of conversation; the populations and train-connections of Corbyville and Manawaki are two of the favorite topics.

Here, too, in the embryo, are the athletes of the future; for this is the stronghold of the Juvenile Rugby League, as almost every pupil is a member of one of the teams in this league. There are some of even greater attainments. Stanley Brown has a province-wide reputation as one of the Junior O. H. A. All-Stars, and George Carroll is a member of the first basketball and baseball teams.

In other school activities, the position of Second Academic is likewise upheld. Kirwin and Byrne are the representatives to the literary society, and the whole class hold membership in the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

To conclude, the individuals of this class show exceptional promise. They are destined to leave a lasting impression on the student life of St. Michael's College School.

FIRST ACADEMIC.

From our point of view, First Academic is one of the most important classes in the school. In this year we receive the foundation of all our studies and the result of our year's work in this class generally determines the success of our course in the future.

Needless to say, we are well represented in everything. Tommy Casey leads the class in all sports, especially handball; Rogers and Cox, who, if it may be mentioned here, has a cute laugh, are our representatives to the St. Charles Lit.; Walsh, Banks, Berthon, Hayes, James, Leonard, McCormick, O'Malley, the two McDonalds and De Couza are our stars on the gridiron; lastly, McKenna, affectionately called "Mary," is an all-around good sport and student.

If this narrative appears rather short, because of the lack of space, you may find consolation in the thought that you will hear a great deal more of us in the future.

F. C.

THE PREPARATORY CLASS.

Next in line comes the smallest class in the school, the "Preps." Collectively we are small in number, and individually we are small in size, but the harmony goes no farther, for we have accomplished many big things and our size does not compare in the least respect with our intelligence.

Each one of us has played on one of the junior teams this fall and each one of us has distinguished himself from the common herd. To chronicle our honors—Bill Baker, from Toledo, is a very promising debater; Laski is rather good at handball; Mulligan, Mallon, McCorker and Murphy are our best rugby players. Charlie Keegan and Emile LaBelle, the midgets of the school, are quite invisible unless walking together; Art Gough and Jimmie Halpin are strong on oratory.

In conclusion, let me say that, although there isn't much for such small boys, as we are, to do, what we have done is done well, and when the time comes for us to do bigger things, you will find us ready and willing to do our part.



ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE SCHOOL





THE ARGONAUTS.

Manager—Mr. McGee.
 Half-backs—Cox, Mulvey.
 Quarter—Thompson.
 Scrimmage — Labelle, Cummings, McNab.
 Spare—Halpin.

Captain—G. Thompson.
 Insides—Moore, Mousseau.
 Middles—Donnelly, McDonnell
 Outsides—Lee, Hopkins.
 Flying wings—Keegan, Wingate.

THE JUVENILES' RUGBY SERIES

MANY youthful hearts thrilled with an excitement too great for words when it was announced, at the beginning of the fall term, that a real, sure 'nuff league was to be formed, in which the younger boys of the school might indulge their longing for the college game to the fullest extent. In previous years, the smaller boys of the High School and the "Preps." did not have a very large share in the sports of the School, but, under the new regime, even little Charlie Keegan had visions of a niche in the hall of football fame.

So, with the slogan, "The boys of to-day will be the men of to-morrow," the juvenile portion of the school set to work with a will. Coaches and managers were chosen, captains were elected and the youthful strategists began to devise signal systems and trick plays of marvellous intricacy. Every evening the campus was crowded with a swirling mass of uniformed midgets, much to the discomfort of the senior teams, who had been inclined to regard that territory as theirs by divine right.

At length the series got fairly under way. A schedule of eighteen games had been arranged and it required every available afternoon to complete the series. The games attracted a great deal of attention even from the older students, and, although the novelty of the miniature contests soon wore off, there was always a large crowd present to support the various teams.



THE TIGERS.

Manager—Mr. Nunan.
Half-backs—Anderson, Calder-
one.
Quarter—Baker.
Scrimmage—Morrison, Lawn,
DeConza.

Captain—R. Coughlan.
Insides—Coughlan, Huestis.
Middles—Burke, McDonald.
Outsides—McDonald, Lasky.
Flying wings — Flanagan,
Brown.

Out of the struggle, the Argonauts, led by "Gordie" Thompson, finally emerged victorious. To the efforts of Captain Thompson and Mr. McGee, the manager, we may accredit the success of the team.

THE "ARGOS."

The consistent punting of Johnnie Cox and the sensational running of "Chuck" Mulvey were largely responsible for the efficiency of the Argos' half-line. On the wings, Cummings, the "Armored Tank," Lee, Donnelly and Hopkins, made sieves of the opposing line-ups with their heavy bucks. Thompson, the brains of the machine, made most of his long runs on trick plays through the centre. At flying wing, Joe Keegan proved himself invaluable to the team by stopping every end-run that came his way and getting down under every kick.

The remaining members of the team played the game sufficiently well to justify the action of the captain in giving them places in the line-up.

However, it was not the stellar playing of the individuals on the team that won the shield. The excellent team-work, a feature which the other teams in the series lacked, was the factor which finally decided the superiority of the "Argos."

THE "TIGERS."

Lack of practice and a very light team proved a handicap too great for even the fertile brain of Captain "Dick" Coughlin to overcome. After fighting with determination to the last ditch, he was at last obliged to yield the crown to the heavier "Argos."



THE DAY SCHOLARS.

Manager—Father Oliver.
 Captain—J. Harrison.
 Half-backs—Kirwin, Egan.
 Quarter—Collins.

Insides—McCormack, McCon-
 vey.
 Scrimmage — Vale, Flanagan,
 Leonard.

Middles—Latchford, Copeland.
 Outsides—Gough, Holmes.
 Flying wings—Harrison,
 Lynch.

“Bones” Anderson, the mainstay of the team, was rather unfortunate in his tackling, but, on account of his good sportsmanship, his adversaries willingly forgave him for a few unwelcome embraces.

Had the “Tigers” secured the services of Labatt a little earlier in the series, the chronicler of the league might have had a different tale to tell, but, unfortunately, Captain Coughlin did not “discover” him until very late in the season. With a little more training, this stalwart will become valuable to weightier teams.

Billy Baker, Calderone and DeConza starred in all games, especially towards the end of the series.

THE DAY SCHOLARS.

What a fall was theirs from the commanding position of last year! Far be it from me to crow over the vanquished, but the insufferable self-sufficiency of these amateurs at the beginning of the series is ample justification for a morbid thrill of delight upon chronicling their ignominious defeat. Father Oliver did his best with the poor material on hand, but even his determined efforts were of no avail.



THE WIZARDS.

Manager—C. Keegan.

Captain—E. Wingate.

Half-backs—Keegan, Wingate.

Insides—Wingate, Keegan.

Quarter—Keegan.

Middles—Keegan, Wingate.

Scrimmage—Wingate, Keegan,
Wingate.

Outsides—Wingate, Keegan.

Flying wings—Keegan, Win-
gate.

“Smiles” Harrison, Captain, also worked hard to whip the team into shape, but, with absolutely no team-work the stars, of which they had a few, were powerless. “Spike” Kerwin was admittedly the best all-around player in the league, but even with the assistance of Egan, an excellent punter, the half-line could not get away for any big gains.

Holmes, Lynch and Walsh were hard workers, but that lets them out.

CHARLIE KEEGAN’S WIZARDS.

A thick veil of mystery shrouds the activities of this team, but we are safe in conjecturing that Charlie played a stellar game and that his weighty partner, Eddie Wingate, tore to shreds the lines of teams so imprudent as to pit themselves against the “Wizards.”

H. McD.

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Vol. 1

ERIN, UTOPIA

No. 1

STARTLING DISCLOSURES IN SWEATER PROBE.

Prominent Men Implicated.

Further developments in the investigation of the great Sweater Mystery have brought to light some startling facts. On the night of December 5th, Joseph Shanahan a trusted butler in the employ of Mr. McKenna, was observed in earnest conversation with the Hon. Six Flanagan. After a heated argument, a sum of money changed hands and one "Tiger" Brown, well known in police-court circles, was called into the conversation.

Acting on this clue, Chief-of-police McBride expects to make an early arrest. Mr. McKenna, in an interview with the representative of the "Yawn," found occasion to remark that, "It's not the sweater, it's the 'M'."

JEWISH MONARCH ACCUSED OF DESPOTISM.

Revolution Imminent.

(By special cable to the "Yawn")

Israel, Dec. 6.—Because of the latest attempts of the monarch of this realm to subject his minions to the domination of a mechanical engine of fiendish contrivance, great perturbation is becoming evident, even in the most remote districts of the kingdom.

Only vague rumors as to the details of this machine have reached us so far, but the results of its use are being brought home to us by the weekly exodus of our compatriots to Siberia.

EXCHANGE CONTEST HUGE SUCCESS.

Justin J. O'Brien Victor.

As usual, the annual contest for the choosing of a telephone operator for the Irish Flat attracted a great deal of attention. The contest took place last evening between the hours of 7.30 and 9.00 p.m. The eventual issue was in doubt for some time, Mr. Nolan and Mr. O'Toole being so evenly matched with Mr. O'Brien that the judges were unable to choose a victor until the final test. Upon being interviewed, Mr. O'Brien stated that he would endeavour to the best of his ability to place the service on a more efficient basis.

CONSCRIPTION COMING.

Volunteer System Obsolete.

After a lengthy discussion before the House of Lords, a bill proposing the adoption of conscription has passed its third reading. The arguments advanced by the introducers of the bill have been called into question by the more cautious members of the House. It was stated that whereas, under the voluntary system, second year, with a population of approximately twenty, sends no more than six to any one lecture, under the new system, at least fifteen might be expected, making due allowance for physically unfit. It is to be hoped that the Premier will exercise his power of veto on this superfluous piece of legislation.

THE MORNING YAWN

The Morning Yawn

Published whenever the Editor can
tear himself away from the hay, by
THE YAWN PUBLISHING CO.

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YAWN YAWNSON, Proprietor

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EDITORIAL.

We are pleased, nay, delighted, to observe the increasing popularity of Old Chum on the Flat. But a year ago, when we ran out of tobacco, we were forced to either go down town for a fresh supply or use some vile substitute. Since the advent of Mr. Chuck Nolan, Mr. Gus O'Shea and a few others, however, a remarkable increase in the number of Old Chum users has been noticed. Continue the good work, brothers. By your good example and a little judicious boosting, the time may come when we will not have to buy any tobacco at all.

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LATEST STYLES FOR MEN.

Among other data harpooned at the designers' soiree last week, it was discovered that there will be very little change in trousers pockets.

Patches are up to the discretion of the individual. Something neat but not gaudy is preferable for the trousers.

Buttons will be mostly worn off.

Rameses the Two will not be used as a trousers model this year. A suit is a suit, not a bandage.

Foreheads will recede, chins will be worn loose and ears will flap idly in the cool northern zephyrs.

Madame Marie Quinne
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Put a chameleon on one of Campeau's coats and the poor animal will soon be squawking for an eight hour day.

Limousines will be worn draped loosely about the shoulders, with lots of room for cauliflower ears.

Coy lads who shave themselves with a Turkish towel will find sandpaper a much superior article.

RURAL NOTES. CAMPAGNIA.

Mr. Pinky Mousseau held a stag affair in his suite, next door to the handball allies, last evening.

Fine feathers make fine birds, but they don't make the soup taste any better.

Mr. Gillie has again left our midst for parts unknown.

Mr. Rusty Gordon, of the Jewish flat, spent last week visiting friends in the Study Hall.

SPEED MERCHANT FINED.

An Old Offender.

While on his semi-weekly tour to the dormitory in his 1916 Couch Model, one Augustus O'Shea was apprehended by the authorities in the act of exceeding the speed limit. O'Shea is an old offender, and in spite of his heartrending appeal to Magistrate McIntosh, his offence met with the severest punishment.

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SOCIETY NOTES.

Miss Bertyl Morrissey held a *petit déjeuner* in her suite yesterday, in honor of her pet Australian Mush-hound, Andante, who has just passed his third birthday. The *piece de resistance* was a beautifully iced *dog-biscuite*, illuminated by three lighted candles. After the repast, the guests retired to the Bertillon room, where the thumb-prints of all were taken. Among those present were Miss Vinnie Dermody, who looked charming in a cerise bath-towel trimmed with green burlap, and the Honorable Lady Nolan, known to her most intimate friends as "Chuck," whose daring *robe* created a mild sensation, to say the least.

"A pleasant time was enjoyed by all."

* * *

It was at a First Arts Concert. McCusker, the budding soprano, made his bow and began a solo—"I'll hang my harp on a willow tree-e-e-ahum—on a willow tree-e-e-"; his voice broke on the high note each time. Then, from the back of the hall, came a plaintive voice—"Say, angel-wings, you'd better hang it on a lower branch."

* * *

McKenna was an athlete of fair and great renown. He won his "M" for racing in a six-mile "up-and-down." Of all the runners in the race our Faustus was the best; And ever since he won the "M" he's worn it on his chest.

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He keeps it buzzing all the day, from nine o'clock 'til nine;
He buzzes in the morning and he buzzes it at night;
He buzzes on his buzzer with all his main and might.
He buzzes it for Monty and he buzzes it for Jim;
He buzzes it for Rusty and for Blossom and for Slim;
He buzzes one, he buzzes two, he buzzes nine and ten,
If no one goes to answer, why he buzzes it again.
He dearly loves his buzzer and with it likes to play,
And that is why you hear him buzzing, buzzing all the day.
Oh back, bring back the golden days, the days that used
to was,

When he didn't have a buzzer and he never buzzed a buzz.

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Nemo Domi A. Brown
The Dog in The Manger.

At that time a certain political power arose among the people which did eclipse, outshine and totally cast into the shade all other existing powers in the matter of numerical strength. Now it was the custom for the strongest power to take upon itself a great task which existed in those days and the Wise Men of the Country did decree that the new power should accept this burden. But they did it not. Whereupon the older powers complained, saying, "Wh'd'ye mean by letting things slide? If you ain't got enough pep yourselves to start the ball rolling, why clear out and let us go to it." But the ignoble power did refuse this most righteous request and continued in its role of the Old Man of the Sea.

Moral—Popularity is a poke.

* * *

"No, we couldn't agree on the matter. You see, he favoured porridge and we had a leaning towards ham-and-eggs."

"So you had both, eh?"

"Oh, no; we compromised."

"In what way?"

"We had porridge."

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* * *

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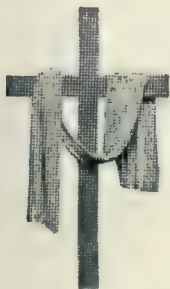
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The Religious Knowledge lecture was progressing favorably. So favorably, in fact, that the entire class had fallen into a slight doze. Suddenly the professor shot forth a question—"What is that which pervades all space, which neither wall nor door nor any other substance can shut out?" The class leaped to attention; all save Gus O'Shea. And in the stillness his drowsy voice was heard murmuring with infinite pathos—"The smell of onions, sir," and the class resumed its slumbers.

* * *

"Well, Shag, how do you like the new encyclopedia?"

"Seems to be all right; ain't no errors so far as I kin see."

THE CAMING OF WINTER.

(From our Foreign Correspondent.)

Jack Frost comes some years very early and more years late. He comes to tell everything to prepare for cold weather. He tells the boys and girls to put on their heavy clothes and warm tukes. He also tells the plants, birds and animals to prepare. The plant withers away and leaves the life go down to the root. Animals, such as cows and horses, will not go far from the house, but stay till they will be let in some stable. The birds, as soon as it begins to get cold, fly to the South.

Then after a few weeks you will see the clouds darkening up and the snowflakes falling gently and slowly in shapeless figures to the ground, faster and faster, until the air is thick. And some severe cold morning, passing near the edge of the water, you will see shore-ice, which will in a few days cover the river and lakes.

The boys of St. Michael's also like to see the snow coming, because it brings to their minds that Christmas is approaching, and that they will soon return home to have a few days with their parents and sisters and brothers.

Charles Keegan, '30.

* * *

Why do you weep, my little lad?

Why do you sob and quake?

"It ain't the prunes; it ain't the hash;

But oh, that goldarn cake."

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Extract from the President's Report.

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Courses.	First Year.				Second Year.				Third Year.				Fourth Year.				Total
	U. C.	V. C.	T. C.	St. M. C.	U. C.	V. C.	T. C.	St. M. C.	U. C.	V. C.	T. C.	St. M. C.	U. C.	V. C.	T. C.	St. M. C.	
General Course	142	45	15	55	73	35	7	21	61	44	7	22	71	32	11	7	648
General Course (Household Science)	18	19	1		11	10	1		10	5							75
Classics.....	8	5	2	2	4	3		1	5	6	2		5	2			46
English and History (Classics).	6	6	1	2	5	1	1		3	3	1		5	2			36
Greek and Hebrew.....	1																1
Oriental.....					1					1				4	1		7
Moderns.....	28	14		3	25	8	1	3	19	9	1	1	17	7	2	2	140
Eng. and Hist. (Moderns).....	19	12	3		12	7	5		8	1	2	1	11	3		1	85
Modern History	12	3	1	1	3	2	1			2			2	1	1		29
Political Science.....	18	7	2	1	24	7	1		12	5			10	7	1		95
Commerce and Finance.....	9	5			3		1		4	3			1	6			32
Philosophy.....					15	12	1		6	7		7	6	3	2	7	66
Mathematics and Physics.....	29	11	1		15	8	1		15	6			17	1			104
Natural and Physical Sciences	26	17	7														50
Physics.....									2				1	1			4
Biology.....					6				1	1			2	2			12
Geology and Mineralogy.....					1				2	1			3				7
Chemistry and Mineralogy I.					9	1	1		3					2			16
Chemistry and Mineralogy II.....									1	1				1			3
Biological and Phys. Sciences.....					1				3	2			1	1			8
Physiological and Biochem. Scs.					5	2		1	2	2			10	2			24
Household Science.....						1			8	4	4		10	8			35
Physiology and Household Scs.....														2			2
Arts and Forestry.....					1								2				3
Chemistry.....																	
Anatomy.....																	
Total of courses taken	316	144	33	64	214	97	21	26	166	103	17	31	174	87	18	17	1,528
Total of students registered.....	302	139	33	64	210	96	21	26	166	103	17	31	174	87	18	17	

EXCURSIONS INTO POETIC LICENSE.

By Chuck Nolan.

Owed to Harry.

Oh Harry, Harry, Harry,
I see you in my dreams,
Within the darkened furnace room,
A-turning on of the steams.

Oh Harry, you are friendly,
You cause me not to fret,
Because when I am hungry,
I can bum a cigarette.

* * *

It belongs to the familee;
I'ts part of the furny-toor;
I'ts travelled the length of the Irish flat,
But it's still unsullied and pure.

I've lent it to Marty and Shag;
I've lent it to Charlie Wah;
Joy has it brought to the Irish all,
But it still continues to retain a faint
semblance of its former beauty.

Perhaps it is battered and worn;
Perhaps it's infected with "Dip.";
But ne'er till the end of the world will I part
With my faithful old burnt-out "Pip."

* * *

"Oh Father, methinks I hear a bell
Oh pray, what can it mean?"
"Arise my son; forsake thy bed;
It's almost six-fifteen."

Philosopher: "Now, getting down to hard pan, just what do you really know?"

Ordinary Human: "About three times as much as you do, ya poor fish." And the age-old controversy was murdered in its infancy.

* * *

Charlie Keegan had been consuming prodigious quantities of food for approximately half an hour. Having at length tired of procuring edibles for him, the waiter gasped in dismay: "Great guns! But you certainly eat a terrible lot for such a little fellow."

Not in the least perturbed, the self-possessed young man returned: "I expect I ain't so little as I look from the outside."

* * *

Exasperated Rec. Master: "Wha'd'ye mean by racing around the halls like this? D'ye think y'own this college?"

H. Hopkins, Esq.: "Oh, dear me, no! There are other students."

* * *

Art. O'Brien: "The trousers I made for Tommy have shrunk so much from washing that the poor child can hardly put them on."

Leo: "Try washing Tommy; he might shrink too."

* * *

"Have you noticed our Flora about here?" asked the Botany Professor of Nim, a freshie.

"If you mean the one with the white spats, I have," replied Nim, who, by the way, has an eye.



